Saturday Review

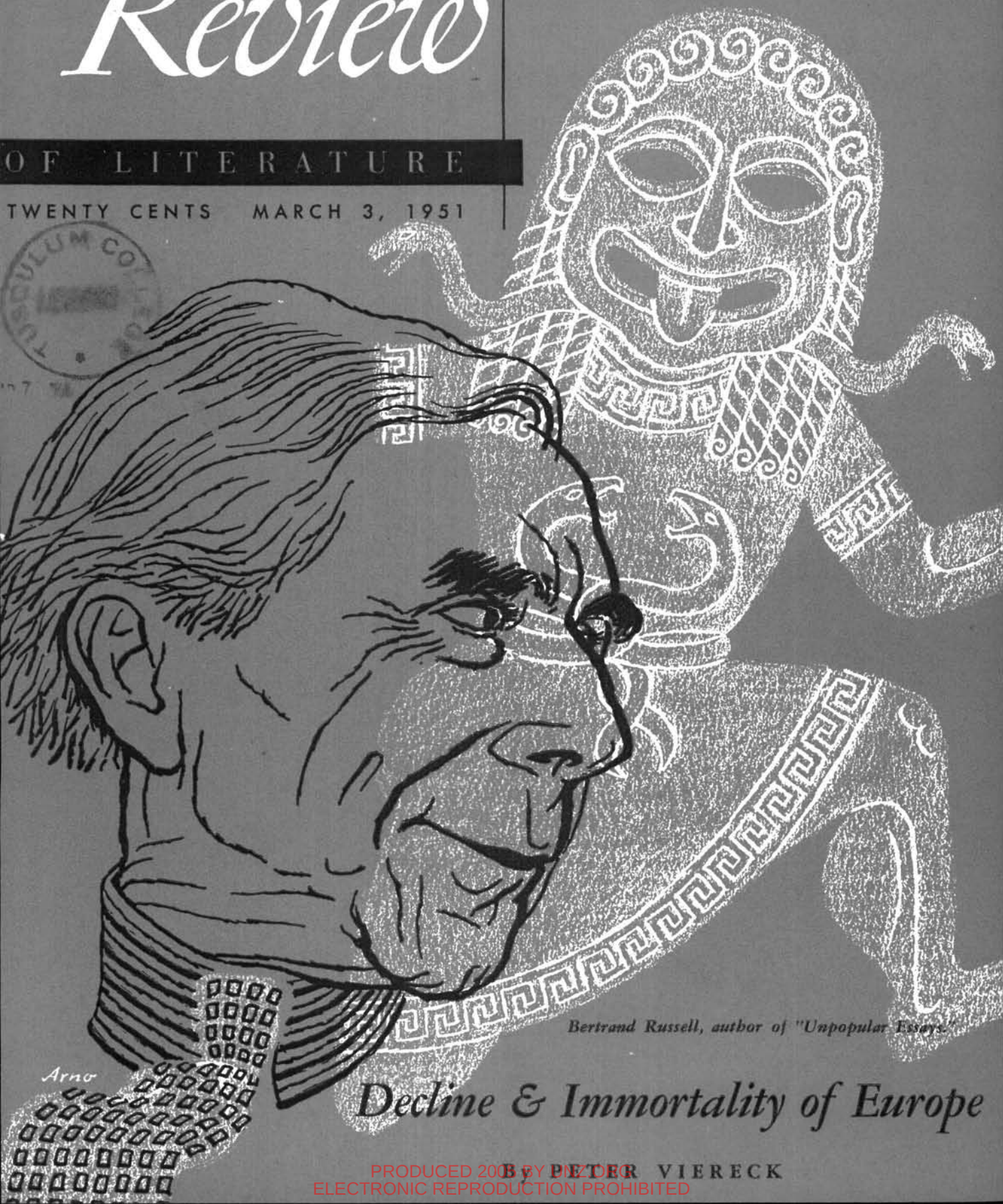
OF LITERATURE

TWENTY CENTS MARCH 3, 1951

A TOUGH ONE FOR HISTORY

(*An Editorial*)

By NORMAN COUSINS



Bertrand Russell, author of "Unpopular Essays"

Decline & Immortality of Europe

BY PETER VIERECK

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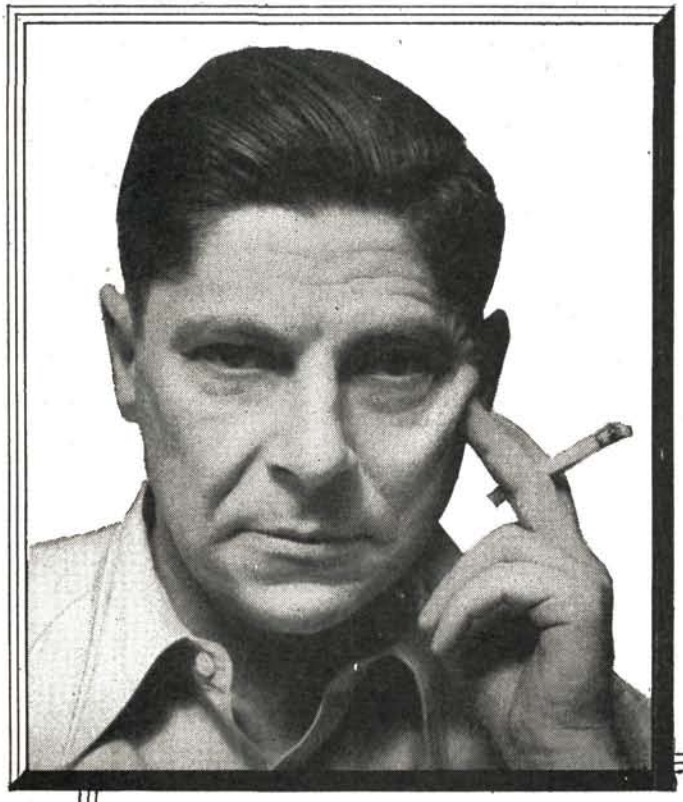
Arthur Koestler's . . . The AGE of LONGING



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This Week

March 3, 1951

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 19, N.Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Jay Woodruff, Advertising Director of Recordings Section; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager. Subscription $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation. Printed in the U. S. Vol. XXXIV, No. 9, March 3, 1951. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue copyright 1951 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

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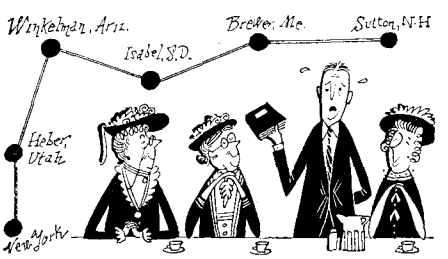
TRADE Winds

A BUNCH OF THE BOYS were whooping it up in the old Toots Shor salon, and the kid that handles the *Variety* box (name: Abel Green) was hitting a tune about the exhausting "personal appearance" tours a Hollywood star has to undertake as part of his contract these days to help boost the gross of his newest picture. "Do authors have to go through anything like that when they've finished a book?" asked Abel. "Do they!" I answered and forthwith dashed off the following piece for the 290-page anniversary issue of *Variety*. It is reprinted here because it's pertinent, also because it will take up considerable space while I'm dallying in Oregon and Washington:

AN AUTHOR'S LOT IS NOT A HAPPY ONE

Once upon a time an author's work was done the moment he wrote the last word of his manuscript and



planked same on his publisher's desk. Today that marks only the beginning of his troubles. After the briefest of respites, during which an erudite editor does his best to alter the manuscript beyond recognition, the author is plunged into a dizzy round of activities, known as "helping to promote the book and get it rolling," that makes the training of a heavyweight prize fighter look like a championship chess match in slow motion.

First, the writer is summoned to address a sales conference, a device designed to enable the publisher's representatives to get a glimmering of the book's contents without having to read it. The author's remarks at this conference are listened to with rapt attention, unless of course there happens to be a ball game being televised on the boss's set in the adjoining office.

Then comes publication date and a long series of radio appearances, all strictly on the cuff and for the most part between five and seven-thirty A.M. To this may be added TV programs—if the author is a good-looking girl with a low-cut dress in her wardrobe. The book under discussion is apt to be smothered in a welter of commercials about pickles, laboratory tests, deodorants, and how to get the right tang into a *gedaemfte rinderbrust*, and the M.C. often forgets to mention the title entirely, but since the listeners to this type of program practically never buy books anyhow the only thing lost is the author's temper. When the radio whirl is completed he at least can tell his children the inside facts about lunch at Sardi's, dinner at Reuben's, breakfast at Sing Sing, twenty questions, thirty-nine steps, forty winks, Martha Deane, Dizzy Dean, author meets the assassins, Hex and Blinks, Sterling North, Kathleen Winsor, and Fleischman's Yeast.

Meeting the press is the next item on the modern author's agenda. Unfortunately, most of the interviews don't get published, and more unfortunate still the reporters who show up never come from the papers that really count, but while waiting in vain for Breit of the *Times*, Hutchens of the *Trib*, and those dashing, mysterious young men from *Time*, *Newsweek*, *Variety*, and *SRL* the author can always get writers' cramp signing six or seven hundred copies of his masterpiece for people who like to borrow or rent an autographed book.

By this time the author has begun to point out a certain lack of advertising and window displays, and the publisher is parrying questions about the sale with an airy "It's too early to tell yet" which is literary slang for "Yoicks! What a flop!" The author is promptly sent on a tour of personal appearances to bookshops in Hohokus, literary teas in Worcester, book and author lunches in East Saint Louis, and book fairs in Winkelman, Arizona. None of them results in any sales, but at least they keep the author out of town, and by the time he drags his weary bones back the exhausted publisher himself is off for one of his quarterly vacations.

The country's leading writers—men like Hemingway, O'Hara, and Hersey—refuse to lend themselves to this unholy and unproductive ballyhoo. Directly William Faulkner, for example, delivers a manuscript he secludes himself at his Oxford, Mississippi, estate, cuts off his telephone, buys a few hundred new mules, shakes incoming letters to see if checks are enclosed, deposits the rest unread in the nearest wastebasket, and in general enjoys the relaxation to which every author who has completed a major effort is clearly entitled. Has it hurt him any? The public, discerning critics, and the Nobel Prize Committee don't seem to think so!

WHEN I READ the foregoing article in print it occurred to me that I should have added a note about a much-more-

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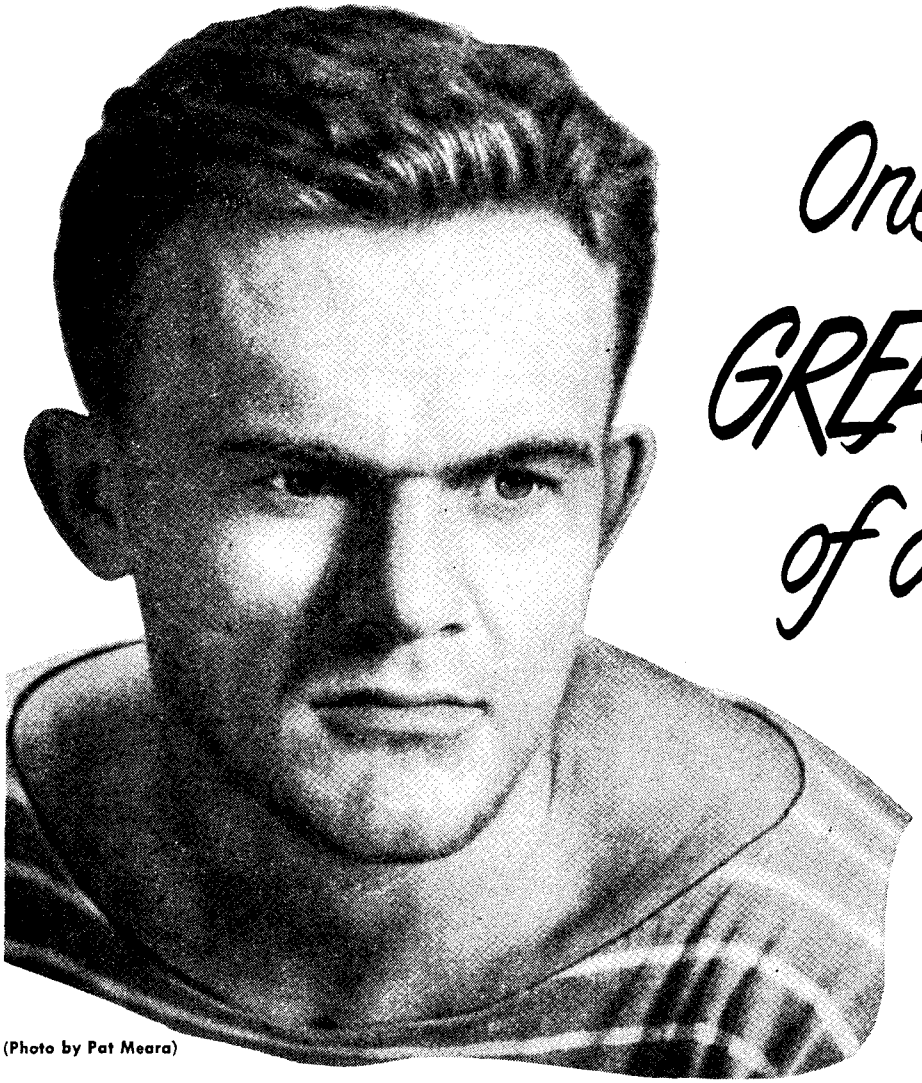

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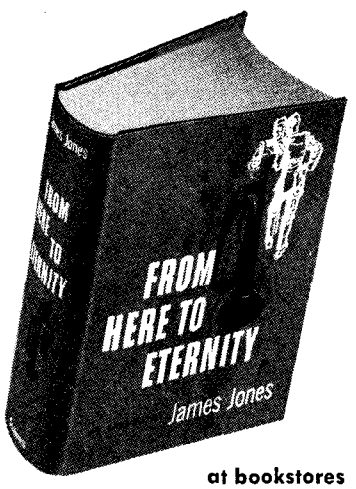

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to-be-pitied type of author—the creator of the stillborn first novel whose publication day passes without anybody noticing it at all. He wakes up very early on the appointed day and reaches eagerly for the *Times* and *Tribune*. Not a word about his brainchild. Evening papers: ditto. People in the streets are going about their business as though it were just any day in the week. Even his wife neglects to mention the occasion. She's much too busy complaining about the grocery bill. And then comes the worst blow of all: he visits his publishers, who greet him in an offhand fashion and ask, "Whatcha up to these days?" They have forgotten, too!

To soften the blow just a little bit we have persuaded Whitney Darrow, Jr., to draw a little picture for us at Random House, showing a smiling messenger bearing a basket of flowers labeled "Success!" It's reproduced on a card whose reverse side reads, "We are proud and pleased to greet you on publication day." Every author of ours receives this card the morning his book is born. Important authors undoubtedly pay no attention to it. But if it eases the pain of just one despairing neophyte we feel it has accomplished its purpose.

A FRAMED MOTTO above the desk of Stuart Symington in the Pentagon Building reminds visitors, "A turtle makes progress only when he sticks his neck out.". . . Justice Brandeis put it another way in his writings: "The inevitable is only that which we do not resist.". . . Edgar Mowrer says the object of atomic warfare seems to be to make sure that all men are cremated equal. . . . A New York minister tells of a methodical parishioner who carefully listed everything that was worrying him each night for an entire year. At the end of the year he had listed 1,122 worries. Twenty-seven of them actually had materialized. . . . Ed Laycock defines an intellectual snob as a man who won't speak to a beautiful girl on a train because he doesn't approve of the book she's reading. . . . William Butler Yeats characterized a literary movement as "two authors who live in the same city and hate each other.". . . Rebecca West described a phony society novelist as "every other inch a gentleman.". . . And writers who continually complain about the bad breaks they're getting might recall the words of Stephen Vincent Benét: "What some people call hard luck—well, we made New England out of it—that and codfish."

BRYNA IVENS, who in private life is Mrs. Louis Untermeyer, is editor of

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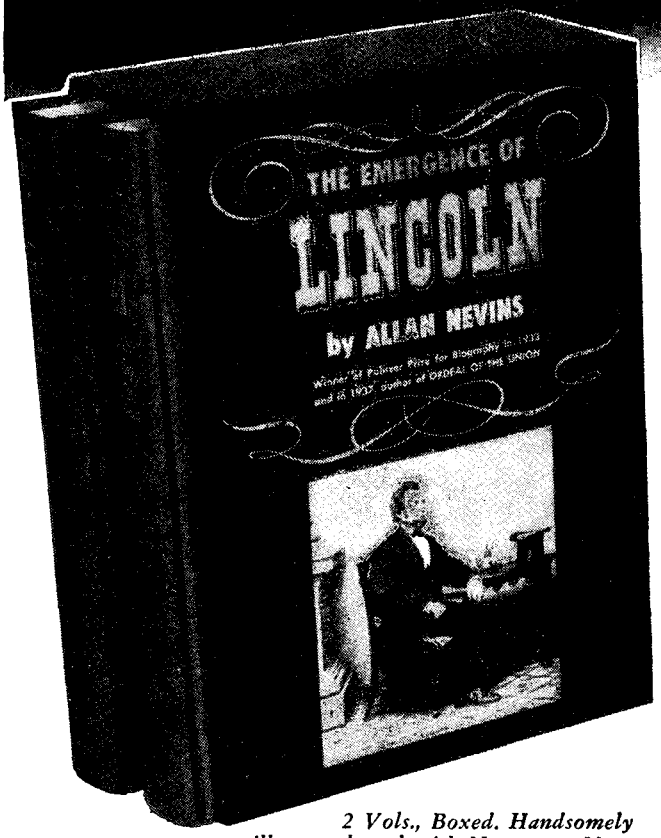

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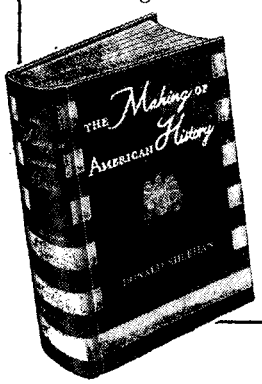

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"The Seventeen Reader," an anthology of the best stories and articles on basic guidance from *Seventeen* magazine. Lippincott is the publisher. . . . Incidentally, *Seventeen* has commissioned Jill Faulkner, who accompanied her "pappy," Bill Faulkner, on his trip to Stockholm to collect the Nobel Prize, to tell the story of her experiences en route. . . . William Faulkner himself is at work on a new novel to be called "Requiem for a Nun." It will be ready for fall publication and will reintroduce as a principal character Temple Drake of "Sanctuary" fame. . . . First publication of the newly organized Indiana University Press is, appropriately enough, an evaluation of the Hoosier bard, James Whitcomb Riley, called "Poet of the People."

PAUL DENIS is compiling a "Celebrities Cook Book" for the Rockport Press, which hopes for gastronomical sales. . . . Houghton Mifflin are readying a Carson McCullers omnibus, which will contain her three novels, "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter," "Reflections in a Golden Eye," and "The Member of the Wedding," plus short stories not heretofore available in book form. Mrs. McCullers is now working on a new novel to be titled "Clock Without Hands.". . . Arthur Koestler's "Dark-

ness at Noon" strikes me as the most effective indictment of Communism ever written, and Sidney Kingsley's stirring adaptation for the stage is the highlight of the drama season. Don't miss it! . . . A new ballad from the ivory tower of Abe Burrows is called "She Brought Her Feet to the Party, but Nobody Asked Her to Dance."

THE CRYSTAL CHANDELIER, from the Presidential suite of San Francisco's Palace Hotel, under which Warren Harding died, is now the central lighting fixture of the upstairs bathroom in Lucius Beebe and Chuck Clegg's unbelievable Virginia City abode. Its co-fixtures include a barber chair, three slot machines, a portable bar, and a rack that holds a hundred magazines. Explains Lucius, "The bath was formerly a bedroom and we felt we had to fill it with something."

—BENNETT CERF.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Decline & Immortality of Europe

PETER VIERECK

—*Eric Stahlberg*
Peter Viereck

IS EUROPE in decline? Our neo-isolationist patrioteers say that it is and with cool, clinical detachment proceed to write its obituary. Our yellow press goes about the same task with a glee warm and indeed malicious.

Even if they should be right about Europe's illness, such gloating would seem downright diabolic. For we Americans are intimately involved in Europe and all that it represents. It would be as if our own soul, in some ways its nobler part, were suddenly stricken with spiritual anemia. Ever since Thomas Jefferson affirmed that "every man has two fatherlands, his own and France," every wound in Europe—1871, 1914, November 1917, 1933, 1940, and the fall of Czechoslovakia in 1938 and again in 1948—has been equally an American anguish, of which every American artist, scholar, and lover of liberty had to say: "I was the man, I suffered, I was there."

Certainly Europeans themselves do not all believe their civilization is in a decline. The superb articles by Stephen Spender, Denis de Rougemont, Raymond Aron, Arthur Koestler, and America's Melvin Lasky in *SRL*'s "America and the Mind of Europe" issue (Jan. 13) make that quite clear. But in denying Europe's decline so vigorously some are perhaps protesting too much. Until recently Europeans would have deemed it unnecessary, indeed impertinent, to have to make such a protest to the far-off provincials of what was once their cultural hinterland.

The issue is confused by the fact that when a writer speaks of a "decline" in Europe he may be using the word in any one of three senses or a combination of them. Decline can be physical—in military, economic, or imperial power. Decline may be intellectual—in an analytical or critical sense. Or decline may be creative—esthetically or spiritually.

Evidence of a European decline in the first sense is too spectacular to doubt. Decline in the second sense is certainly not taking place—consider as an example the perceptive analyses by the European contributors to "America and the Mind of Europe." The third type of decline, which is qualitatively different from the second, is difficult to judge because it involves "genius"—artistic or religious genius. Genius is by definition exceptional. It may arise any time in the most unpropitious physical milieu. Therefore it would be absurd to prophesy about either the decline or non-decline of individual works of genius.

On the other hand, insofar as there is such a thing as collective creative genius, manifested in morale and in the will to resist tyranny and aggression, this can indeed be materially conditioned by physical exhaustion, loss of manpower in earlier wars, and the like. Here the difference between French resistance in 1914 and in 1940 is a case in point, and the present growth of a self-deceiving "neutralism"—toward Stalin's neo-Nazism—is a further serious symptom.

Just as individual artistic genius can burst forth unpredictably at any time amid a collective decline, so can individual ethical genius. For example, the creative ethical heroism of French anti-Fascist Partisans in 1941 and of Ernst Reuter's Berlin in 1951 burst forth while their countries as a whole tended (allegedly) toward a decadent "neutralist" or passive attitude toward Nazi or Stalinist tyranny.

BUT IN the first sense—military, economic, and political power—there can be no doubt about Europe's decline. Compare the Continent of 1890 and today, country by country. Some countries, like the Hapsburg empire, have completely ceased to exist. Of the countries still existing every single one has declined.

The one exception to the general enfeeblement is Russia. Even there the analogy holds. European Russia is declining in comparison with Asiatic Russia. By 1949 the fourth Five Year Plan was shifting the bulk of heavy industry into Siberia, partly for fear of American planes but more basically because of the rich, untapped, natural resources there.

The pathetically humorless Stalin-cult of the absolute semi-divine dictator seems closer to the Asiatic tradition of Genghis Khan than to the European tradition of individual freedom. In any case this great Eurasian empire has its largest areas on the eastern side of those Ural mountains which

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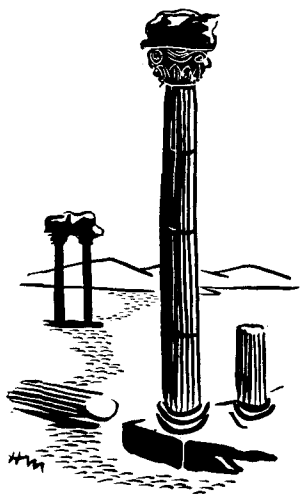
are the ultimate physical boundary of Europe.

Internally every country of Europe (except Russia) is weaker in almost every aspect of life. Externally Europe as a whole is weaker in its relationship to the other continents, most of which it dominated at the end of the nineteenth century. Europe is the second smallest continent. Yet from 1870 to 1914 it dominated the world and exploited the larger continents of Asia and Africa for raw materials, cheap labor, and naval bases.

Historians will always differ on the reasons for Europe's sudden decline, but they agree on recognizing the fact itself. The reasons for decline include the instabilities inherent in nationalist rivalry, with two world wars as cause or as effect; the transition from utopian to class-war Socialism; the fluctuating economic crises of capitalism, with the depression of 1929 as a final blow to an exhausted Europe; Fascism and Communism as the logical extremes of national war and class war; the successful political and economic revolt of the non-European colonial empires; and the emergence of two new giants, America and Russia, into the world leadership occupied by Europe in the nineteenth century.



In 1890 Europe ruled the world politically, economically, culturally. Most of mankind, including its non-European majority, seemed then to agree that Western civilization was destined to become the world's universal civilization. For Asia and Africa and even America Europe's civilization was "that one, far-off, divine event, toward which the whole creation moves." By the turn of the century the danger signals were already at hand. The late 1890's witnessed such colonial revolts as the Boxer Rebellion in China; the Abyssinian war, the Mahdi uprising, and the Boer war in Africa; the liberation of Cubans and Filipinos in the Spanish-American War.

At first these danger signals were disregarded. A smug, self-satisfied, prosperous Europe cheered its troops into World War I. Thereupon, between the two world wars, the danger signals became actual dangers; economic depression and political upheaval at home; the crumbling of empires abroad. By 1951 the decline was already complete and to pessimists little remained to fall. Since World War II European rule has been brusquely shaken off by India, Egypt, Indonesia, Palestine, Syria, among others, with pro-Russian, anti-Western Communists ruling China and threatening Indo-China, Siam, Formosa, Korea, Japan, Malaya, and the Philippines.

The city of Vienna after 1918 was often called "a head without a body." Vienna was the former center of empire, declining into miserable economic and political impotence amid dreams of former glory. Vienna was a brilliant, charming center of civilization cut off from its necessary hinterland and becoming a helpless slum. The Europe that followed World War II has been pointedly compared in each of these particulars with the Vienna that followed World War I: a brilliant, powerless head without a body, a civilized slum without a hinterland. The doom of the Hapsburg empire, that last attempt at maintaining an international heritage against militant nationalism, has foreshadowed in miniature the doom of Europe as a whole.

Western civilization, the Hellenic-Roman-Judaic-Christian amalgam, was accepted in Queen Victoria's day by most of the world as the proper universal ideal, even if never properly practised. In 1951 it is no longer even the ideal of non-Europe; even worse it is no longer the ideal of all Europe itself. Important masses of Europeans have rejected Western civilization and the supremacy of the individual. In their insecurity and confusion, they have turned to leftist or rightist totaliarianism and to the supremacy of the super-state.

Loss of military control of the world has meant loss of economic control. No longer can Europe's industrial goods be dumped on colonial markets or raw materials be bought cheaply there in turn. Europe can only survive at all because of economic aid from the American continent in the form of the Marshall Plan and because of military aid in the form of the Atlantic Pact. Meanwhile Eastern Europe is being integrated into Soviet Russia's Eurasian economy even more thoroughly than Western Europe into the American economy.

The three greatest world powers, America, Russia, and China, are millstones crushing Europe between them. Europe is becoming militarily what it always was geographically: a small peninsula off Asia. Not only are the British, French, and Dutch today being expelled from their former non-European empires. The tide has so much changed that Europe itself wakes up each morning trembling lest a Eurasian khan sweep irresistably to the English Channel.

The same decline holds true of the cultural sphere. Europe no longer dominates a world of imitative cap-in-hand provincials. The provincials have developed their own arts and cultures. Though important European creativity continues, nothing can equal Shakespeare, Dante, Goethe, not to mention Bach and Beethoven in music and the Renaissance in painting. More and more it is this past cultural glory to which Europe must look; likewise past military glory, past political and economic well-being. Resentfully or humorously or wistfully, as the case may be, a more sophisticated Europe resigns itself to becoming a museum for naive American tourists and barbaric Soviet commissars, just as ancient Greece became for ancient Rome.

AMERICA is still being derided for its crude materialism by Europeans. But their sarcasm is dated; it belongs to the 1920's, the era when America was still symbolized by Sinclair Lewis's immortal character, the boasting and commercial George Babbitt. Since then America has made an amazingly rich progress from a rough-hewn frontier-building culture, necessarily confined in interest to physical problems, into a leading world-force in the novel, in art, music, poetry, and university scholarship.

Yet it would be unfair to treat this superb rise of American non-material culture as only a result of the decline of Europe. Rather it is a transoceanic fulfillment of Europe. American culture began as an offshoot of Europe. America's ideals of freedom and of intellectual and artistic creativity are European ideals, going back as far as the age of Pericles. For these ideals, for all its deepest origins America owes Europe a spiritual debt that a thousand material Marshall Plans can never repay.

Pessimists may rightly speak of the decline of Europe between 1890 and 1951. Optimists may rightly speak of the rise of America, its lawful son and heir. Even if the mighty tide of Soviet Eurasia should suddenly submerge all Europe—Europe cannot die so long as Americans hold to the faith of their forefathers, speak the language in which Milton and Shakespeare upheld individuality, abide unhysterically by the Bill of Rights, and unarrogantly serve the free society proclaimed by Pericles twenty-five centuries ago:

"Our constitution is named a democracy, because it is in the hands not

(*Continued on page* 36)

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Ideas & Men.

In the eighteenth century, when Benjamin Franklin dwelt west of the Delaware and Johann Wolfgang von Goethe lived east of the Rhine, writers proudly styled themselves philosophers, even though their writings covered topics as varied as optics, governmental administration, and population trends. But since then philosophy has divided itself, protozoa-like, into many parts. The mid-twentieth century is a time of such specialization that it takes a wise man and a bold one to write creditably in more than one small area. One of the few men possessing both boldness and wisdom is Bertrand Russell, whose latest work, "Unpopular Essays," is reviewed below. To afford comparison between philosophy in the two centuries, Karl Vietor's new study of "Goethe the Thinker" is reviewed on page 12. The other books discussed here all deal with philosophy's currently popular offspring, political and social science.

Philosopher's Paradox

UNPOPULAR ESSAYS. By Bertrand Russell. New York: Simon & Schuster. 223 *pp.* $2.50.

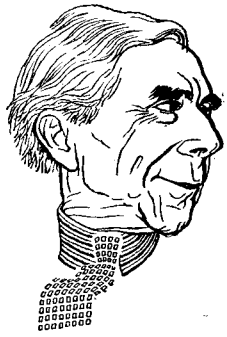
By Brand Blanshard

NOW THAT there is no Bernard Shaw where is his mantle to fall? What British writer of prose now has the primacy? The choice, I venture to think, lies between two men who are the antithesis of each other in politics, religion, and philosophy, one of them, like Shaw, a nonagenarian, the other a stripling of seventy-nine —Dean Inge and Bertrand Russell. Shaw himself said many years ago that if you wanted the first writer in England you must look for him in St. Paul's. But, much as I admire the Dean, I think that the palm must go to Russell. Most people agree that the Order of Merit and the Nobel Prize were fully deserved.

"Unpopular Essays," his forty-seventh volume by my count and his fourth since he was seventy, is not one of his most memorable books. It is a collection of scattered essays on politics, philosophy, teaching, the outlook for the future, and the ideas that have done most to help and to harm mankind. There are those who deplore what they would call Russell's tendency to dissipate his energy in such writing. I cannot agree. A mind of the first order if it happens to be owned by a good human being will naturally take an interest in what is going on outside its province; and because it is known to be of high order its pronouncements will carry weight. And rightly, too. In bringing his pen to bear on the issues of his day Russell is following in the steps of his godfather, John Stuart Mill, and a more persuasive example there could hardly be. "Unpopular Essays" is a "popular" book, but the marks of an acute and independent mind are on every page.

Since Russell is known as a philosopher who can make himself understood some readers will turn first to the essays on "Philosophy for Laymen" and "Philosophy's Ulterior Motives." They will receive something of a shock. In these essays the paradox that has dogged Russell's later life comes out conspicuously. He loves philosophy—and yet he scorns it. On one page you find him urging its claims as "a necessity to all but the most thoughtless"; a few pages later on you suddenly sit up and look again, but there it is: he is saying roundly that philosophy "is not compatible with mental maturity" because it is only "an uncommonly ingenious attempt to think fallaciously." This is bewildering.

Russell nowhere deigns to explain this apparently flat contradiction, which is the less excusable since he could have done so easily enough; the two views are not so inconsistent as they seem. The explanation is this: in his later years Russell has come to adopt a position very like Hume's; he holds that there are only two kinds of knowledge, that of meanings and that of facts, the first kind, consisting of logic and mathematics, "essentially verbal," the second kind covered by natural science. Since philosophy is neither the one nor the other it is something of a fraud, devoted, as F. H. Bradley suggested, to "the finding of bad reasons for what we believe upon instinct." But then why praise it? Because the word stands also for something else, namely, an attitude of mind, the habit of reflectiveness, im-



THE AUTHOR: Last November in New York City a line of people four blocks long waited for admittance to a series of lectures and from each lecture a thousand were turned away. The talks concerned neither baseball nor Joe Louis. They were the Matchette Lectures at Columbia University given by Bertrand Russell. His Nobel Prize award had drawing power; yet so much interest in a philosopher is fairly remarkable in a time when the children spawned by Philosophy—the mathematical, physical, and social sciences—threaten to rob the mother of preeminence. The Nobel award—for literature not philosophy—and the lines eager to hear a thinnish, shortish man of nearly eighty testify to Russell's definite intuneness with our times. In spite of an earlier maverick reputation, perhaps more than any other modern philosopher he has enhanced the parent of thought by means of her children. Of one of the oldest English families and destined to be the third Earl Russell, Viscount Amberley, he was educated in the appropriate tradition. The family had politics in mind after Trinity College, Cambridge, but declining that he launched into what would be several careers for other men but has blended into a whole of wisdom for him. His first book was "German Social Democracy" (1896). The "Principia Mathematica" with A. N. Whitehead is a classic. As a pacifist he spent four months in jail during World War I—where he wrote "Introduction to Mathematical Philosophy." As an educator he has precipitated storms in England and the U.S. His over sixty books and pamphlets include such diversities as "The Problem of China" and "In Praise of Idleness." Listeners have dubbed him the most brilliant talker of our time—an embodiment of Hume and Voltaire. His vigor and wit are abundant. Urbane, detached, he may seem to lack personal warmth, but he has what may be even better—an unalterable regard for truth-seeking and knowledge. Intelligent modern man's approach to civilization might be epitomized in the conclusion of "The ABC of Relativity": ". . . we know very little, and yet it is astonishing that we know so much, and still more astonishing that so little knowledge can give us so much power."—K. S.

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personality, and largeness of view. Thus what Russell is saying is that while traditional philosophy is an imposture, the philosophic attitude is the hope of the world.

In some ways Russell himself is as good an example as one could find of the attitude he is praising, and the most illuminating thing about this book is the constant illustration it affords of how an acute and critical mind responds to some of the recent fashions in thought. In a fifty-page "outline of intellectual rubbish" he considers the alleged superiority of pure races and points out that "the purest races now in existence are the Pygmies, the Hottentots, and the Australian aborigines"; then, turning to the doctrine that human nature cannot be changed, he reminds us of the proof offered by Germany, Japan, and Russia that given sufficient power you can turn peaceable people into "a population of lunatics." He thinks that the theological idea of sin is an anachronism, that the belief in vindictive punishment shows something wrong with the believer, that almost all generalizations made by men about women or women about men are absurd, and that most convictions about the superiority of one's own creed or nation or self are inaccurate and harmful.

Indeed, one might take as the topic sentence of the book: "Most of the greatest evils that man has inflicted upon man have come through people feeling quite certain about something which, in fact, was false." How is one to avoid this besetting danger of being duped? Among Russell's suggestions are: "if an opinion contrary to your own makes you angry, that is a sign that you are subconsciously aware of having no good reason for thinking as you do"; "imagine an argument with a person having a different bias," an argument with Gandhi, for example, if you think progress is measured by machinery; "be very wary of opinions that flatter your self-esteem"; remember that "to conquer fear is the beginning of wisdom."

One wishes it might be added that Russell had always kept these excellent counsels. Unfortunately, in the first essay in the book—"Philosophy and Politics"—he has not. He tries once more to make out the very questionable thesis that there is a special connection between empiricism and democracy on the one hand and between rationalism and absolutism on the other. By centering one's fire on Plato and Hegel, as he does, one can make out some sort of case for this. But an equally plausible case could be made out for exactly the opposite thesis if one cared to enlarge on how philosophers in the empiricist tradition, such as Bacon, Hobbes, and Hume, have been arch-conservatives and how much was owed by all three of the great modern revolutions—the American, the French, and the Russian—to various kinds of rationalism.

The most amusing thing in the book is Russell's obituary, written by himself for the *Times* of June 1, 1962, "on the occasion of my lamented but belated death." In this he records that "his life, for all its waywardness, had a certain anachronistic consistency." This is true. But its consistency has lain not so much in his doctrine, which has changed notoriously often, but in the courage and honesty with which he has maintained the truth as he saw it through a long and intellectually adventurous life.

Brand Blanshard, professor of philosophy at Yale, is the author of "The Nature of Thought."

Portrait of Wisdom

GOETHE THE THINKER. By Karl Vietor. Translated by B. Q. Morgan. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 212 pp. $4.

By Victor Lange

THE Goethe bicentennial of 1949 has produced very few books which have given us anything like a fresh and comprehensive reassessment of the whole of one of the great European minds. Professor Vietor has attempted just that in his "Goethe, Dichtung Wissenschaft Weltbild," which appeared in Switzerland two years ago. American readers who welcomed the English version of the first part of this work in 1949 will, now that the second is before them, find this a most appealing critical study. Indeed, I venture to think no other work for some time to come will serve so well as a guide to the wisdom both modern and permanent, rich and usable, of a remarkable figure. Taking both volumes together, this is a large-scale portrait and, given Mr. Vietor's superb mastery of the material, his enviable craft of formulation, and his economy of phrase, it can afford, without giving the impression of mere aphoristic ubiquity, to touch upon every major issue that has been and should be raised in connection with Goethe's work. While the first part dealt with Goethe's poetic achievement, the present volume—in a most satisfying translation by Professor B Q. Morgan, himself one of our best translators and an excellent Goethe scholar—is devoted to his scientific pursuits and to an orderly presentation of his philosophic convictions The second is of the two the more enterprising: seldom has the complex matter of Goethe's thought been set forth with such transparency and above all without resorting to the awkward sort of special language that is so often employed when such difficult Goethean concepts as the "demonic," "renunciation," or "polarity" are under discussion.

Mr. Vietor knows, of course, that without due attention to Goethe's scientific writings no fruitful estimate of either the poet or the man as a whole can be undertaken. It is no longer sensible to dismiss Goethe's varied researches as mere pseudo-scientific dabbling; and if, nevertheless, in recent years the old challenge has been renewed that Goethe should have stuck to his poetic knitting, Mr. Vietor far more plausibly argues that even though the results of Goethe's science may have been superseded his methods and his convictions concerning the scientist's attitude toward his ob-

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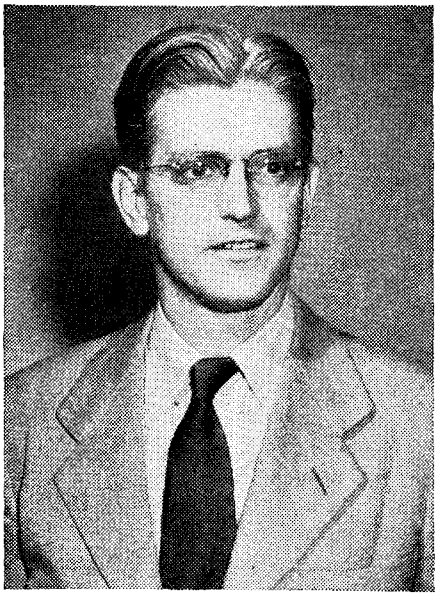
ject and his profession are still eminently worth studying. The difference between Goethe's type of scientific thinking and that of the nineteenth century becomes clear in Mr. Vietor's chapter on Goethe and Darwin, a discussion of the often alleged similarity between Goethe's theory of the metamorphosis of plants and animals and the modern theory of evolution. Unlike Darwin, Goethe "does not pursue natural history, but the phenomenology of the natural forms. He is not interested in the historic process whereby the now existing species have developed out of lower forms. Of this problem he would probably have remarked that it belongs among the unknowable things." It is true that Goethe's profound dislike of mathematics led him to misjudge Newton's achievement, but for those who will take the trouble to look there is enough in Goethe's practical experiments (for instance, in the field of physiological optics) that has remained valid and indispensable to us.

Goethe's scientific thought is an aspect, perhaps the central element, of his philosophical beliefs as a whole. These Mr. Vietor develops more coherently and with greater skill of definition than any other critic I know. What he says, for example (cautioning us against facile parallels and derivations), about the Greek and medieval ancestors of Goethe's thinking or the influence of such men as Spinoza, Leibnitz, or Shaftesbury, is extraordinarily judicious; and it would be difficult to find elsewhere seven pages in which Goethe's relationship to the philosophic work of his own epoch is stated with equal precision. No less carefully considered are the chapters on Goethe's attitude towards Christianity and history. Mr. Vietor, with his surveyor's eye for the true and relevant line, makes the important distinction between Goethe's dislike of what he considered the incalculable antics of social and political history and his belief in the organic and definable progression of all "natural" phenomena — an intellectual bias which sets Goethe apart not only from Herder and the subsequent romantics but from the historicism of the later nineteenth century.

It is, I think, in the chapter on Goethe's view of man that the wide range of his philosophy emerges most impressive: the main tenets of his anthropological thinking and his convictions with regard to freedom and fate, individual culture, or social responsibility are here woven together (incidentally with a splendid command of the memorable and unhackneyed quotation), not to give the semblance of systematic unity but to persuade us of the concreteness and



J. H. Hallowell—"Holmes loses his halo."

continuing vitality of Goethe's philosophy. As if to resume the theme of the first volume on a level that now affords a wider prospect Mr. Vietor ends his critical survey with a discussion of Goethe's esthetics—another topic which if treated merely in terms of the shopworn isms will not reveal the cardinal position which the concept of the *beautiful* attains in Goethe's thinking: the highest form and the most comprehensive evidence of Goethe's symbolic reasoning, in which science and religion, nature and art, reflection and action are equally involved.

A study such as this cannot afford to beg the question of Goethe's meaning for our time. In his concluding pages Mr. Vietor touches upon Goethe's awareness of the changes in the political and intellectual temper that set in during his own life and his hopes for a cosmopolitan culture both social and literary. To what extent Goethe's ideas have proved useful and to what extent they should be suggestive to us today—these are questions which Mr. Vietor answers with something like self-effacing objectivity in his final paragraphs:

> Whether our age will turn to his poetry . . . whether it will come to his wisdom—who can say? So much, however, is taught by history that stars of so high an order in the firmament of time do not set. Goethe never ceased to admire the ability of life to renew itself incessantly. This force will validate itself again in his work. What a mind of such original power has created cannot disappear from the intellectual life of mankind.

Victor Lange is professor of German literature at Cornell University and co-editor of the complete edition of Goethe's works to be published by the University of Chicago Press.

Our Social Salvation

MAIN CURRENTS IN MODERN POLITICAL THOUGHT. By John H. Hallowell. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 695 pp. $6.75.

By H. Stuart Hughes

IN ATTEMPTING to summarize in one book the whole development of modern political thought John H. Hallowell has undertaken a prodigious assignment. Actually he has tried to do two things at once. He has written a very nearly encyclopedic textbook and he has woven through it a new—or rather a very old—interpretation of his material: an interpretation in terms of Christian ethics. These competing functions of the book frequently get in each other's way.

As a textbook the work is less satisfactory than as an interpretation. He defines political thought in such broad terms as to include practically the whole field of what has been called "the discussion of human affairs": ethics, epistemology, even metaphysics, sociology, psychology, law, and the political practice of the Soviet Union. The result is a book so crammed with quotation and interpretation that it is constantly bursting at the seams. Mr. Hallowell's learning is impressive; he has consulted nearly all the latest and most authoritative works on each subject. But he uses them in a somewhat mechanical fashion, placing alongside each other opinions whose divergence he fails adequately to explain or reconcile.

Taking the book on its own ground as an all-inclusive text the reader finds startling omissions. Veblen, Mosca, and Henry Adams never make an appearance; Ortega y Gasset turns up only in two footnotes; Croce is mentioned in a single casual reference in a most misleading context (as an exponent of nationalism and "sacred egoism"). Karl Mannheim is similarly absent; perhaps if Mr. Hallowell had refreshed his memory of "Ideology and Utopia" he would not have written the rather strange sentence in which he confesses his inability to understand "how the motivations of men in the mass or . . . as members of a particular 'class' . . . differ from the motivations of particular men."

His analysis of Fascism appears incomplete and not particularly helpful. The Marxist interpretation receives short shrift; Franz Neumann's "Behemoth"—the most probing and complete discussion of Fascism that has been published to date—is nowhere cited. The corporative institutions of the Fascist state appear in only one vague reference. By concentrating on the extreme case—Germany

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—rather than on the more typical case—Italy—Mr. Hallowell robs the Fascist experience of its present-day relevance. He can conclude that it is a kind of pathological state.

And yet he finds it to be the end-product of the course of political thought since the seventeenth century. With this we come to Mr. Hallowell's central thesis—the second and more exciting and successful aspect of his book. By abandoning the faith of their fathers, by relying on reason and nature alone the classic liberal theorists started on a wrong path that was to lead inexorably through skepticism and relativism to totalitarianism. Today our only political and social salvation lies in a return to Christianity.

To one educated in the Thirties such a conclusion comes as a shock. Ten or fifteen years ago no self-respecting, "enlightened" intellectual would have been caught dead with a religious interpretation of anything. Only the Catholics thought in these terms—plus a scattering of Protestants whom we dismissed as harmless eccentrics. We were either "idealistic" Socialist-radicals or skeptical, hard-boiled Freudian-Paretans. Any other attitude would have been considered a betrayal of the avantgarde. Now Mr. Hallowell confirms the suspicions that have gradually been drifting up to us from the students we confront. The avantgarde has become old-fashioned; religion is now the latest thing.

Perhaps this is unavoidable in the present context of world events. Perhaps religion is the firmest available ideological cement for the embattled West. Yet Mr. Hallowell's forthright and able revaluation prompts at least one word of warning. His new-old interpretation means a fairly complete overhauling of the literary symbols of loyalty to democracy and the American way. The ideal of liberty has shifted its base from Jefferson's eighteenth-century abstractions to the truths of revealed religion. At Mr. Hallowell's hands such a household saint as Mr. Justice Holmes loses his halo and becomes a realistic exponent of force as the final arbiter. Who are to take the places of Jefferson and Holmes in the American gallery of sages and prophets? If traditional liberalism led by inexorable stages to tyranny, cannot Mr. Hallowell's rehabilitation of organized Christianity do very much the same thing? Some day we may find ourselves looking for the guarantee of our liberties to the hierarchs of a Church that pours open scorn on the very idea of intellectual freedom as we now understand it.

H. Stuart Hughes, who teaches history at Harvard University, is author of "An Essay for Our Times."

Toward a Personal Autonomy

THE LONELY CROWD: A Study of the Changing American Character. By David Riesman in collaboration with Reuel Denney and Nathan Glazer. New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press. 386 *pp.* $4.

By Oscar Handlin

DAVID RIESMAN'S is the rare book which will be read with pleasure and profit even by those who reject its central conclusion. Its subject is the character of modern man as he has developed in the United States. That the American was a new man was early obvious to the Europeans who observed him. The lapse of time and the shrinkage of distance have not diminished that newness. Surrounded by machines, he lives a life as strange now as when he was the man of the forest—the savage, noble or brutal. And if the influence of that style of life promises—or threatens—to reach every part of the globe, that only increases the significance of its evolution.

Riesman presents a challenging explanation of the American character. His analysis rests upon an hypothesis of the relationship of character structure to population growth. In the periods of high birth and high death rates, when the level of population is relatively stable and the social order changes little, the individual is guided by relationships that have endured for generations; he is tradition-directed. When population begins to grow and society becomes mobile and expansive the individual is guided among the numerous choices available to him by generalized goals implanted by his elders early in life; he is thus inner-directed. When population ceases to grow a period of incipient decline sets in and society loses its fluidity, although abundance rather than scarcity remains the rule. Within these terms the individual is guided by his contemporaries; without fixed goals of his own, it is only the process of striving for conformity with others that is fixed for him. He is other-directed.

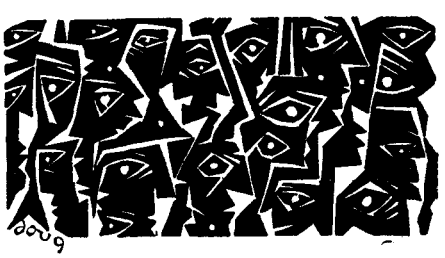
The United States was settled mostly in the period of expansive population growth. It, therefore, never produced indigenous tradition-directed types; through the early twentieth century the inner-directed predominated in its character structure. With the recent reversal of the population curve the other-directed are rapidly rising in importance and are steadily transforming the country's culture.

This hypothesis is open to serious objection. It does not fit the data of our history. The era of significant population growth did not come until the eighteenth century when the phenomena Riesman regards as expressive of inner-directness were already well established. Similarly the United States did not enter upon the stage of incipient population decline until the last quarter-century, while the manifestations of other-directedness go back much further. Indeed, the most important child-rearing practices that Riesman relates to other-directedness were observed in America more than two hundred years ago. The scheme simply does not fit the chronology of institutional and ideological development. If these character types are valid tools of analysis they must be cut loose from the presumed correlation with the population curve; they must be redefined to explain the fact that they may in some eras exist together.

If Mr. Riesman's characterological scheme does not convince the reader, it does, nevertheless, provide the author with a useful observation point from which to describe and criticize the striking features of American life today. To this extent the book may be compared to the systematic records of the European travelers of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries whose divergent assumptions of the nature of society were points of departure for penetrating comments on America.

From this point of view Riesman's work is eminently valuable. To a wide variety of anthropological and sociological material he has brought a probing intelligence that in application to specific problems is productive of deep insights. The sections on the meaning of progressive education and on the relationship of the media of mass communication to popular culture are most illuminating. The long discussion of politics penetrates a realm of reality not often reached by the more formal approaches of political writers. And the concluding observations on how the individual—inner- or other-directed—may work toward a personal autonomy loses nothing of pointedness by objections to the basic scheme.

Oscar Handlin, a member of Harvard's history department, is the author of "This Was America," "Boston's Immigrants," and other books.



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—Helena Kolda—New York City Youth Board.

Street-corner gang—". . . the behavior of men in groups."

What Makes Society Tick?

THE HUMAN GROUP. By George C. Homans. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 484 pp. $6.

By William Foote Whyte

THIS IS a book that needed to be written. In recent years those of us who have been studying groups, organizations, and communities have come increasingly to feel that our ideas were running along the same general lines. Still, we could not quite get together to lay down a solid scientific foundation because we used different names for the same ideas or related those ideas to each other in different ways. In "The Human Group" George C. Homans has done a masterful job in stating this convergence of ideas in clear and rigorous form.

Homans does not claim to present a single original idea, and in a very superficial sense that is true. But the great new idea is not the most needed product in social science today. There are many very good ideas lying around in the field, and they have been used, too, to bring useful results, but up to now they have not been tied together into the sort of systematic framework upon which scientific development depends.

Homans begins by quoting the statement of the great physicist Willard Gibbs: "It is the office of theoretical investigation to give the form in which results of experiment may be expressed." Substituting the word "observation" for "experiment" Homans accepts this statement as the purpose of his book. Homans's theoretical statement points out both which things are to be observed and how the results of observation are to be related to each other in order to explain the behavior of men in groups. We will all disagree with Homans at some points, but the disagreements are likely to be the sort that can be resolved through further observations of behavior. There could be no higher compliment to such a book.

The scientific weight the book carries should not suggest that it is accessible only to the specialist. This may well turn out to be the best single work for the layman who wants to understand society better but has no time or opportunity to go through a concentrated period of study. Homans writes in a lucid and graceful style that is most unacademic. He cuts down the use of technical terms to an absolute minimum. These omissions are not for the purpose of popularization; rather he seeks to deal with a few simple ideas but to apply them systematically to a variety of cases in order to show clearly how those ideas may be used.

The theory is developed and tested on detailed examination of five case studies: the bank-wiring observation room of the Western Electric research program, described by Roethlisberger and Dickson; the Norton Street Gang as discussed by this reviewer in "Street Corner Society"; Raymond Firth's work on the family in Tikopia; social disintegration in a small New England community, described in an unpublished thesis by B. L. Hatch, and the Arensberg-McGregor article "Determination of Morale in an Industrial Company." The cases run all the way from a primitive tribe to a modern American community, from a street-corner gang to groups in industrial organization. The cases were deliberately chosen to cover such a broad range with the thought that if uniformities of behavior could be discovered in such differing groups we would be getting at some conception of laws of human relations.

Homans follows the same procedure in analyzing each case. First he describes the behavior of the group in question with no analysis at all at this point. The reader is then armed with the same facts that Homans has and is in a position to weigh critically the Homans analysis which follows. New ideas are added from point to point as we go along, but Homans tries to keep the scheme as simple as possible.

The book should have a use beyond colleges and universities. I can readily imagine the non-professional reading it and then looking around him at his club or church or business or community with a new understanding. He may not feel that he has discovered ideas that were completely unknown to him, but he is likely to find that things he has been aware of but has not known how to think about will suddenly fall into place.

This review should end with a note of caution. I am flattered to have my own case included in the book and may be biased on that account. On the other hand I would be the first to resent any distortion of my data in order to make theoretical points. I find none here. The data are honestly presented and effectively analyzed.

William Foote Whyte is the author of "Street Corner Society," a study of an aspect of community life in Boston.

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Behind the Cause of the Causes

THE HUMAN COMMUNITY. By Baker Brownell. New York: Harper & Bros. 305 *pp.* $4.

MAKING GOOD COMMUNITIES BETTER. By Irwin T. Sanders. Lexington: University of Kentucky Press. 174 *pp.* $2.

By Richard Waverly Poston

FEW MEN in our contemporary culture have either the gift of vision or the insight of spirit to create a monumental work such as Baker Brownell's "The Human Community."

Author of four important previous volumes and co-author of two, a newspaperman and a professor of philosophy, director of one of the most democratic community experiments of recent times—The Montana Study—and a guiding spirit of our generation, Professor Brownell now brings us the climax of his outstanding career. Here we have the full union of poetry and science fused in all the humble beauty of literary style that can be captured by a master artisan. It is as rare as it is profound. "The Human Community" is, as John Dewey has said of it, "tense in its sense of the world we live in and yet as light, as unstrained, as the air of a spring day."

In these inspired pages we are privileged to travel with a truly great thinker into the very heart of our present world dilemma. From this point of vantage we see in all its ruthless ugliness the iron claw of a soulless urban order which is today threatening to snuff out the most priceless qualities of our human heritage. Here we see the chaos of an age of specialism, an age without basic human content, which has shut men up from each other behind walls of social isolation, divorced them from the sources of control, made much of education a farce, and polluted the cultural atmosphere until true democracy is virtually stifled and conflict is virtually inevitable. To read this disturbing account is like going behind the cause of the cause.

Here we are able to see and feel many of the deeper reasons why "disaster has become normal routine and indifference to it a matter of course." Here we learn how men have come to worship the gods of vast impersonal institutions and of wide-ranging pressures over which the individual has no control. Exposed is the false principle of the academicians and the professional experts who would hold themselves aloof from the workaday world while forging new centralizations, which inevitably defeat human values and democratic progress.

In these pages we are able to understand many of the reasons why we have been losing the war of ideals which lies behind the international struggle, why thousands of our communities are in a state of physical and psychological deterioration, and why millions of Americans exercise little or no voice in the molding of their own destiny.

Yet within these same pages we see a strange and poetically woven paradox. For despite the heights of pessimism and despair to which we are carried, there is a distinct and clearly painted trail winding its way past the monsters of our time to ultimate victory and light. We have but to follow that trail, using our ingenuity and our resources as we go. Many, as Professor Brownell points out, will balk at this threat to existing power; some will be wanting in courage. Many of us will faint and crumble under the top-level strategy of our impersonal order. But the trail is still there waiting for those who would pick up the human pieces into which society has broken itself and put them back into the wholeness of a workable universe.

Professor Brownell pulls no punches. Wherever obstruction exists, whether in high places or low, he seeks it out and drives forward with the full refreshing impact of his theme for the wholeness of life:

> Only fools can cling to the stereotyped optimism of a few decades ago. The survival of what we value most is conditional, it is clear, on our facing these dangers, recognizing them for what they are, and doing with resolution what must be done to overcome them.

Every thoughtful man and woman in America should read this illuminating book, for in it are the "dangers" shown in sharp relief, and here are "the weapons for brave men to use,"

* * *

"MAKING Good Communities Better" is a valuable handbook in social engineering that begins and ends

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

A. C. Palmer, of Pomfret Center, Connecticut, offers fifteen quotations about night. Allowing seven points if you can identify either the poem or the poet, a score of seventy is par, eighty-four is very good, and better than that is excellent. Answers on page 20.

1. The voice I hear this passing night was heard
   In ancient days by emperor and clown.
2. In winter I get up at night
   And dress by yellow candlelight.
3. Come into the garden, Maud,
   For the black bat, night, has flown.
4. Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
   Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops.
5. But peaceful was the night wherein the Prince of Light
   His reign of peace upon the earth began.
6. We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
   The sods with our bayonets turning.
7. There was a sound of revelry by night,
   And Belgium's capital had gathered then.
8. And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
   Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
9. Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
   Where ignorant armies clash by night.
10. The night has a thousand eyes,
    And the day but one.
11. The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
    It came again, with a great wakening light.
12. Tiger! Tiger! Burning bright
    In the forests of the night.
13. I arise from dreams of thee
    In the first sweet sleep of night.
14. Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
    And into the midnight we galloped abreast.
15. 'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,
    And the owls have awakened the crowing cock.

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on a positive note. In it Professor Sanders has translated his own experience as a social scientist into a practical, easy-to-read guide to community improvement, and an impressive array of nineteen additional experts has teamed up with him to supply guideposts on twenty-one special problems in community organization.

Each year we in America suffer a hidden but appalling loss in human and material resources because of our failure to utilize fully the potential that we have, and for want of usage our investment in scores of enlightened community services yields inadequate returns. It is a loss that cannot be measured solely in dollars and cents, though the amount undoubtedly runs into billions. More important is the loss in depth and spiritual quality of human living and the consequent toll on democracy as a way of life and as a force for freedom in the modern world.

The source of this terrifying loss is largely in the failure of well-meaning community leaders and workers to reach the people, to stir their imaginations, and to generate the participation that is essential to the success of countless community programs which each year are either conceived or started but never succeed.

Universities and libraries are filled with writings in social research, but only rarely does the social scientist come up with anything in simple, clear-cut language that tells the average community leader how worthwhile community programs can be made to function successfully in the realities of life. Professor Sanders has done this and done it admirably.

If his book is read widely by those who would strengthen our democracy but lack necessary techniques, it should go far toward helping to prevent the social failures that each year hold us below the upper levels of our American potential.

Richard Waverly Poston is the author of "Small Town Renaissance," a book about the Montana Study.

Ideas & Men Notes

THE FOUNDATIONS OF COMMON SENSE. By Nathan Isaacs. Roy Publishers. $3.50. People who are not philosophers perhaps believe that the world exists, that their knowledge accurately reflects this existence, that there is such a thing as truth, and that events have causes. All of these notions, however, are philosophically improbable. Taken together, with others like them, they represent a position known to the trade as

(*Continued on page* 39)

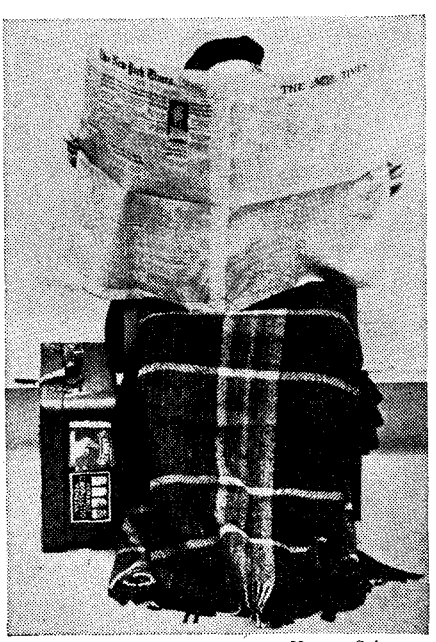
Americana. *Since the days of Charles Dickens and Mrs. Trollope European personages have taken look-sees at the USA and then hurried home to transform their impressions into books for the profit of themselves and (sometimes) of their subjects. Probably the leading present-day inheritors of the tradition are two Britishers, Geoffrey Gorer and D. W. Brogan. Below, Professor Brogan himself reviews "Americans in Glasshouses," a satire of the genre by a writer who styles himself (or herself) Leslie James. . . . So insatiable is the appetite of Americana fans that publishers are constantly searching for hitherto unexploited folk groups and sections. In "The Pennsylvania Dutch" Frederic Klees writes of the curious ways of the German sects that have resided in the Keystone State since before the Revolution, while Bruce Hutchison discovers the Fraser, a Columbia River tributary in Western Canada, for the Rivers of America Series.*

Our Native Land Laid Bare

AMERICANS IN GLASSHOUSES. By Leslie James. New York: Henry Schuman. 152 *pp.* $2.

By D. W. Brogan

THE UNITED States, like the Duke of Wellington, has been much exposed to authors. But, whereas the Duke is now pretty much immune, the Republic is still a target for commentators, explicators, denigrators, even apologists. Time, however, must have a stop, and there is some chance that this very remarkable work will win immunity for America for this generation. For Mr. (or Miss) Leslie James has written the book on America to end all books on America. There is no aspect of American life neglected in these hundred-and-fifty-odd pages: education, politics, the home, sex, sport, business, law. With a firm hand and a super-keen scalpel all American institutions are dissected and then thrown on the rubbish heap.



—*Henry Schuman.*

Mr. (or Miss) James en route.

For our author is one of the most ruthless exposers of the American myth ever known. Take the rumored wealth of America. Mr. (or Miss) James shows, in a masterly fashion, that it is a fiction. True, Americans have a great many things—cars, refrigerators (to make food too cold), central heating (to make rooms too hot), gadgets of all kinds. But these are illusory goods forced on the American worker by his capitalist masters. He doesn't need them, he doesn't really want them, and—did he get the proper education, were he allowed to read the proper liberal journals (read, unfortunately, almost exclusively by the contributors to other liberal journals)—he would sigh after the planned economies of Europe, where pains are taken to see that the worker (or his employer, if it comes to that) is not distracted from the real goods of life by mere mechanical substitutes for real wealth, real culture. Mr. (or Miss) James does hint obscurely that there are persons in Europe and in Britain with souls so dead as to want the things the Americans are tricked into wanting and getting, but they are obvious traitors or perhaps an optical illusion, like that which accounts for the apparent popularity of American movies, cigarettes, food parcels, etc.

Mr. (or Miss) James is too much of a scientist to be taken in. For this is not one of those subjective accounts of American life written by travelers,

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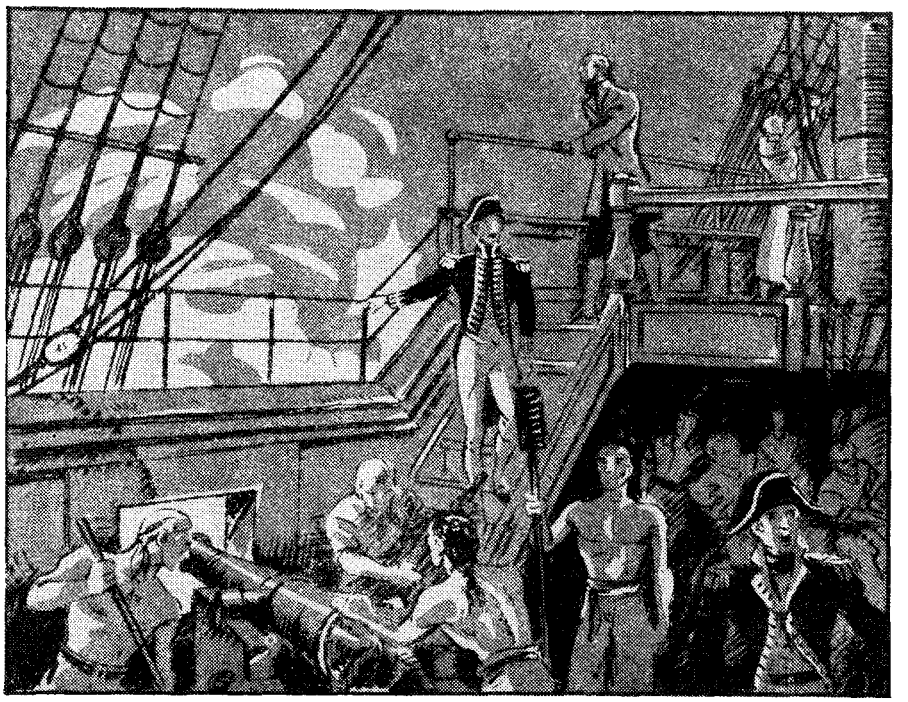
journalists, or professors of literature. No sirree! (as they say in New York). All the resources of the social sciences are called on. Sociology, astrology, psychology, geomancy, statistics, dowsing. It is impossible to exaggerate the admiration bred by the mastery of materials shown here. There is the law. Miss (or Mr.) James knows the fundamental importance of "Drop-Forge & Tabernacle-Truss R.R. Co. *vs.* Mortimer *et al.*, 35 Kansas, 156," though its importance is, of course, studiously ignored in the capitalist-controlled law schools.

He (or she) is equally at home in the hobo jungle of American sociological literature. We can all turn with profit to the discussion of what is a "suburban town" in the *American Sociological and Economic Gazette*, for the "learned" discussion between Messrs. Himmelblau, Zangara, and Abbeville ends, characteristically, in a vulgar brawl. And no wonder, for, as our talented author puts it, it is hard to decide between "the American city, which is utterly devoid of foliage, or the suburban town, where plant life is trimmed, manicured, and cut short like a tart's poodle." With scientific candor our author admits that tart's poodles are scarce, possibly totally absent, in America—another mark of inferiority to London, where they give a delightfully exotic air to practically all of W. 1. and W. 2. But that again is only one of the many marks of the sexual incompetence and frustration that, as we all know, mark American life, like the significant passion for milk and the horror of privacy —the deeper implications of which are not spared us here.

It would be possible to go on for pages calling attention to the rich fund of cold, objective, scientific, devastating description of American life to be found in this book. We learn (if we needed to) that the average English girl is not (in profile, one assumes) very like Jane Russell or Lana Turner and the chance of controlling Lana Turner or some comparable asset is still sufficient to induce economic endeavor in the American male (though of course he has no sex life of the type known in Wimbledon or Milngavie). Enough has been said to make plain the claims of this book on the serious attention of all European students of what is wrong with America. It should be read in America, too, but one doubts if it will do that unplanned "society" much good.

D. W. Brogan, fellow of Peterhouse and professor of political science at Cambridge, is the author of "The American Character," "The American Political System," "Politics and Law in the United States," and other books.



—*New York Public Library Collection.*

"The Bombardment of Fort McHenry," War of 1812.

The Hard School of 1812

PREBLE'S BOYS: Commodore Preble and the Birth of American Sea Power. By Fletcher Pratt. New York: William Sloane Assoc. 419 *pp.* $5.

By Richard S. West, Jr.

"IF THE destroyers run out of fuel," ordered Admiral Spruance during the battle of the Philippine Sea, "send them back and we will proceed without them. I am going to strike that fleet, and I will not be distracted by details." Admiral Spruance, not so careful of his ships as to lose sight of their primary purpose, followed a thought-and-action pattern that stresses the offensive and the necessity of getting along with what you've got to make the offensive stick. Whence came this thought-and-action pattern?

This is a question to which Fletcher Pratt seeks an answer in his latest book, "Preble's Boys." And the schoolboy's first reply is discarded by Mr. Pratt on the score that while John Paul Jones's victory over the *Serapis* "left a legacy of unconquerable persistence and dauntless courage," nevertheless, it was so "unexpected," the odds against Jones so great, that "there was about him something of the superman. He founded no school, trained no successors." Another "Father of the Navy," Thomas Truxtun of the quasi-war with France, is eliminated on the score that his most famous pupil became so proficient in routine shipkeeping as to become "immune to other and perhaps more desirable influences." For a satisfactory answer Mr. Pratt singles out Edward Preble of the Barbary Wars, who more than any other individual trained the captains of 1812 and while our Navy was young inculcated a body of Naval tradition that continues today.

This frigid and dyspeptic commodore from New England was a hard taskmaster, and the officers assigned to him by the newly organized Navy Department were so youthful as to inspire his bitter comment that they were "nothing but a pack of boys." Preble trained them in a hard school. The frigate *Philadelphia*, one of only two large ships in his squadron, ran on an uncharted reef and was captured by the Tripolitan pirates. While several of his less fortunate "boys" now studied mathematics and navigation in the Bashaw's prison, others led by Decatur boarded the *Philadelphia* on a dark night and destroyed her with fire. During winter months instead of withdrawing to safe anchorage at Gibraltar Preble caused his small blockade vessels to cruise often before Tripoli, "as it will have a good effect in convincing those barbarians that their Vessels is [*sic*] not safe, in leaving port at any season of the year." For forty days Preble bombarded the town with makeshift, rented gunboats, while his boys with cutlasses boarded the enemy's craft for hand-to-hand fighting. So much for their schooling.

Mr. Pratt, now throwing the spot-

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light in turn upon Preble's junior officers, gives us fifteen 8,000- to 10,000-word biographies. Each of these one-chapter biographies carries an individual from birth and background through the highlights of his service in 1812 and on to death and transfiguration in Naval tradition. According to their services in 1812 Preble's boys are fitted into four groups. Some were the fighters who won our early frigate victories and forced the proud ships of the Royal Navy to cruise in pairs: Isaac Hull, Jacob Jones, Stephen Decatur, and William Bainbridge. Another group, though experiencing a measure of success, ran head-on into superior British strength and were defeated or stalemated: James Lawrence (of "Don't give up the ship" fame), Isaac Chauncey, David Porter, and William Burrows. The third group were commerce raiders: Johnston Blakely, Lewis Warrington, and James Biddle; and the fourth group contained men whose activities brought the War of 1812 to a close: Charles Stewart, Thomas Macdonough, Stephen Cassin, and Daniel Todd Patterson.

Preble's boys present wide diversities in background, temperament, and mental endowment, with but a single common denominator—service under Preble. Among themselves they accounted for almost all the important Naval actions of 1812, whereas their twice as numerous contemporaries in the service who did not serve under Preble accounted for only one major action. The record constitutes an impressive and plausible support for Mr. Pratt's thesis on Preble's influence.

By accident, perhaps, one prominent Naval figure of 1812—Oliver Hazard Perry—escaped the chastening tutelage of Preble, and his omission constitutes the chief flaw in this book. One cannot help wishing that Perry had spent at least a few days in the Bashaw's dungeon while Preble was off Tripoli so that Mr. Pratt might have included him in this almost complete survey of the Naval war.

Inevitably, since Navy careers have many similarities, a certain amount of repetition creeps into the book, but Mr. Pratt is a superlative storyteller and stylist. He wastes little time on minutiae and dashes with unflagging zest from climax to climax. He presents a detailed panorama of Naval tradition in the making, a rich and little-known section of Americana that has complexity and depth. "Preble's Boys" is certainly one of Mr. Pratt's best books.

Richard S. West, Jr., teaches history at the U.S. Naval Academy. He is the author of "Gideon Welles: Lincoln's Naval Department."

Healthy Provincialism

THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH. By Frederic Klees. New York: The Macmillan Co. 451 pp. $5.

By Philip Shriver Klein

COMPARED with the Quakers, the Puritans, the Huguenots, and other homogenous groups the Pennsylvania Dutch have had few chroniclers. The past has been content to take them for granted, characterizing them simply as a mulish but law-abiding folk who could be depended upon to farm and to vote a straight party ticket. In more recent years commercial America has discovered in their way of life many marketable aspects of quaintness. Antique dealers now feature Pennsylvania Dutch furniture, restaurants advertise Pennsylvania Dutch food, designers have adopted Dutch motifs for interior decorating and as patterns for textiles and greeting cards, while tourist shops across the nation have moved aside their redwood burls and Indian jewelry to make room for Amish figurines and miniature Dutch chests. Popular writers have gratified further the American appetite for a touch of Dutch. But much recent writing on the subject has been careless, emphasizing the picturesque or the seemingly outlandish customs of a few of the sects.

Mr. Klees has attempted to paint an honest, full-length portrait. His book is the work of a scholar, though he properly does not offer it as a scholarly work. It is written informally for the edification of the general reader, not for the information of the student. The subject matter is a blending of the standard secondary writings on the Pennsylvania Dutch with the author's own personal experience. From the academic standpoint the reviewer found numerous statements of opinion and of historic fact which are open to challenge. But such a criticism of detail does not impair the primary contribution of the book—a broad and fair picture of the people as a whole.

Frederic Klees—"a touch of Dutch."

Its canvas is large. The time-sweep of the book runs from the Albigensian movement to the present day. The definition of the Pennsylvania Dutch is broad, including all those persons who have shared the cultural background and the social habits which the author describes, regardless of their original habitat or their place of settlement in the New World. The topics into which the volume is divided cover every phase of group experience. There are chapters on the religious roots of these folk, on the history of their many churches, on the part they played in politics and war, on their economic life in country and city, on their geographic distribution, on their dialect and folkways, on their artistic instincts and products, on their homes, dress, and food. The cumulative effect of this large-scale treatment is to arouse an appreciation of the group individualism of the Dutch—a type of healthy provincialism which Josiah Royce well described as any part of the national domain "which is geographically and socially sufficiently unified to have a true consciousness of its own unity, to feel a pride in its own ideals and customs, and to possess a sense of its distinction from other parts of the country."

Mr. Klees writes easily and on occasion with great charm. The chapter sequence is well knit, but the presentation within chapters is discursive rather than closely reasoned. The author wanders into bypaths as his fancy dictates, telling anecdotes — many of them ancient, offering opinions—some of them rash, and serving up folklore—all of it labeled as such.

The author's desire to touch upon everything and to ignore nothing is at once the best and the worst feature of his work. For those who know little of the subject this book can be recommended as the best they will find under one cover; for those who are acquainted with the Dutch country the volume has little new to offer except convenience. The reviewer, who is probably as "Dutch" as the author, found the book a delightful, memory-stirring trip home. The non-Dutch reader may satisfy his curiosity about what goes on in the Dutch country by sharing a visit with Mr. Klees.

Philip Shriver Klein is a member of the history department at The Pennsylvania State College.

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Whirlpools & Gold

THE FRASER. By Bruce Hutchison. New York: Rinehart & Co. 368 pp. $4.

By Richard L. Neuberger

CANADA and Siberia are the lands of the great unknown rivers. These realms of icecaps and glaciers pour huge torrents downhill to the oceans. In Siberia there are the Yenisei, the Ob, and the Lena. Canada's mountain passes nurture the Stikine, the Skeena, the Athabaska—and the Fraser. After many volumes devoted to rivers which would be measured by eye-droppers alongside such foaming maelstroms as these, the indefatigable Rivers of America Series finally is getting around to the Fraser, the turbulent waterway which ties British Columbia to the rest of Canada.

No other breach in the Rockies offers access to the rich coastal lowlands that lie just north of Puget Sound. Without the presence of the Fraser "Fifty-four Forty or Fight" might have been the actual boundary of the United States instead of merely a rallying cry for the followers of James K. Polk. Today the Fraser is the conduit to Vancouver for those two immense railway systems, the only true transcontinentals of North America—the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian National. Bruce Hutchison, who has a deep affection for the cosmic distances of his homeland, has written a book which does justice to this 850-mile passage through canyons and gorges.

The first explorers thought the Fraser was the legendary Columbia. Simon Fraser, an adventurous clerk in the North West Fur Company, was the first to prove otherwise. But, like Alaska, the domain of the Fraser River lured no substantial number of white men until the report spread that the gravel of its tributaries was seasoned with gold. It took robust prospectors twenty-three dreadful days to surmount thirty-five roaring miles on one tributary, the Lillooet. But the promise of nuggets made wayfarers slog on, half-naked and unarmed, after

—From the jacket of "The Fraser."

their expensive outfits had disappeared in these watery maws.

Jack London immortalized the dash across Chilkoot Pass. Four decades earlier, in 1858, no person of such a vivid pen was among the prospectors frantically scrambling up the Fraser to the uplands of the Cariboo. Yet this rush for gold may have been as dramatic and important as the Klondike, and Bruce Hutchison has brought it to life in his book. On one rocky beach, Hill's Bar, $2,000,000 in dust was packed into pokes during a single season. The diggings contained 33,000 Americans who had stormed over the border. In Barkerville flour sold for $300 a barrel and a pair of boots for $50. One packer brought in camels because a pack mule could tote a mere $250 worth of supplies on each upriver journey. The camels lumbered into the sub-Arctic with prodigious loads, but their strong stench drove horses and mules crazy with fear. After these terrified beasts had leaped off dizzy ledges in their fright the owner of the camels found himself involved in innumerable lawsuits.

As Canadians moved westward the Fraser inevitably became the avenue to the Pacific's heaving surf. The suffering rivaled any ordeals on the trail to Oregon and California. The massive river is trapped between rock walls during most of its course. Cannibalism was practised by starving argonauts who had lost their boats. Indians picked off wretched pilgrims whose rifles lay five fathoms deep. Around each bend a whirlpool lurked.

Mr. Hutchison has lived along the Fraser, and he feels the great river in his bones. He shares some of Thomas Wolfe's fascination for trains, being in his most enthusiastic mood when he describes the locomotives and cars which cling like toys to narrow shelves far above the Fraser. "A freight train a mile long is a toiling worm, at night a glow worm, whose spark flickers for a moment and is snuffed out."

The book leaves us with the thought that the Fraser's greatest era is yet to come. In an electric age this mighty stream drops 1,280 feet "or four times the height of Niagara Falls." Only a fragment of this energy has been hooked to generators. Some day the headwaters of the Fraser may be the site of the world's largest aluminum plant, for this product requires immense quantities of power.

Richard Bennett's pen-and-ink drawings are excellent. No one who has followed the Fraser to its ultimate source can fail to feel his pulse beat faster at sight of the magnificent sketch of Mount Robson, with a glacial moraine creeping out from its snowy base.

Richard L. Neuberger is a writer on the staff of The Portland Oregonian, *and has served as a state senator. His books include "Our Promised Land" and "Integrity: The Life of George W. Norris." He has also contributed articles to many national publications.*

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Keats: Ode to a Nightingale. 2. Stevenson: Bed in Summer. 3. Tennyson: Maud. 4. Shakespeare: Romeo and Juliet. 5. Milton: Hymn on Christ's Nativity. 6. Wolfe: Burial of Sir John Moore. 7. Byron: Eve of Waterloo. 8. Key: The Star-Spangled Banner. 9. Arnold: Dover Beach. 10. Bourdillon: Light. 11. Hunt: Abou Ben Adhem. 12. Blake: The Tiger. 13. Shelley: The Indian Serenade. 14. Browning: How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix. 15. Coleridge: Christabel.

Americana Notes

JEFFERSON'S IDEAS OF A UNIVERSITY LIBRARY: Letters from the Founder of the University of Virginia to a Boston Bookseller. Edited by Elizabeth Cometti. Tracy W. McGregor Library, University of Virginia. $2. In 1824 Thomas Jefferson was an old man, but his work was not finished. His University of Virginia was to open within a few months; it had the buildings and was getting the teachers. But it needed books for its library, and for the convenience of all concerned it needed a bookstore close by. Jefferson entered into an instructive and fruitful correspondence with William Hilliard of the Boston house of Cummings, Hilliard & Co., who informed Jefferson, with reasonable pride: "I have for many years supplied Harvard College with their Classical Books, as well as many other Universities."

Miss Cometti, who is associate professor of history at Marshall College, here presents Jefferson's side of the correspondence with Hilliard and supplies an introduction that really introduces. Here is not Jefferson the socio-political philosopher but Jefferson with a job to do—sending want lists, checking catalogues, asking about missing boxes, reporting damage suffered in transit, and altogether having the time of his life. This fifty-page collection is an entertaining and charming footnote to the history of libraries in America and an illuminating portrait of a great American still actively serving his countrymen as he strides into the sunset.

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OUR PENNSYLVANIA: Keys to the Keystone State. By Amy Oakley, with illustrations by Thornton Oakley. Bobbs-Merrill. $4.50. Both Mr. and Mrs. Oakley have a right to say "our Pennsylvania"; she was born in Philadelphia, he in Pittsburgh. Her words and his drawings combine to make this a pleasant and informative book —a place-to-place historical and descriptive survey that does not duplicate the Federal Writers Project manual, combined with a travelogue that never descends to the trivialities of touring. The accent is properly distributed; Philadelphia and Pittsburgh get two chapters apiece, one concerned with the past and one with the present, and the rest of the state gets excellent attention. Mr. Oakley's hundred-odd drawings are both decorative and effectively complementary to the text. There is an unusually ample index. These two Pennsylvanians deserve well of their homeland.

SECRETS OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC ISLANDS. By Edgar Rowe Snow. Dodd, Mead. $4. Mr. Snow herewith extends to eight his archipelago of books about the Atlantic Coast. His present explorations carry him from Ocrakoke, off the North Carolina coast, to Newfoundland, with numerous stopping points between, including Manhattan. In every instance Mr. Snow has visited the island he talks about, though his main concern is usually not its relatively prosaic present but its spectacular past. He has run into some fantastic oddities, such as the case of Francis Haskell of Deer Isle, Maine, who drowned standing up and with his hat on. Mr. Snow is not the man to run away from a controversy; he believes that the famous tower at Newport, on the island of Rhode Island, "was built in 1121 by one of the early Norse explorers, Eric Gnuppson." Mr. Snow played a literal Santa Claus at St. Pierre, one of France's little North Atlantic outposts, which became famous in Prohibition days—you can get champagne there for eighty-five cents a bottle or could when Mr. Snow was there a few months back.

MAIN LINE OF MID-AMERICA: The Story of The Illinois Central. By Carlton J. Corliss. Creative Age Press. $4.75. Abraham Lincoln and Casey Jones both worked for the Illinois Central. In the course of his legal chores for the road Lincoln occasionally had dealings with its vice president, a former Regular Army officer named George B. McClellan. Mark Twain piloted one of the I.C.'s steamboats during the brief period in which the road maintained a water route. Dozens of other figures best known to fame outside the transportation field have a share in I.C.'s story. Mr. Corliss tells that story at lively length (500 pages) and with a technical competence born of long railroad association, most of it with I.C. itself.

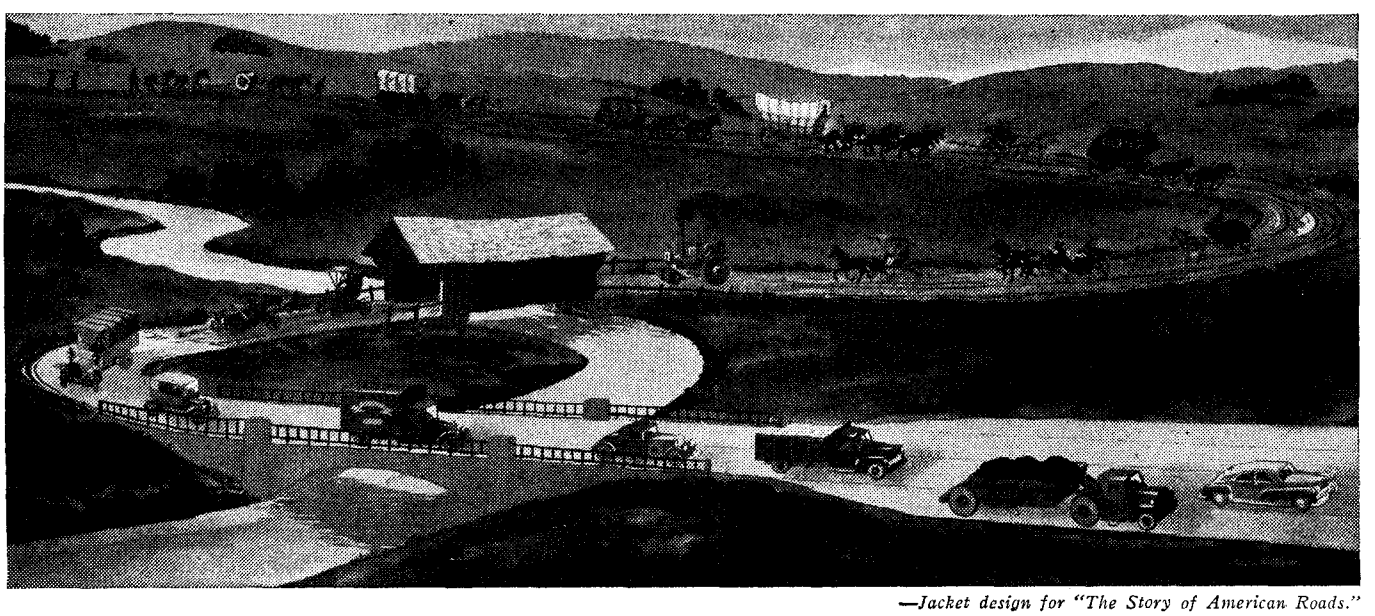
The book signalizes the road's centennial—it was chartered February 10, 1851, though elements of the system were functioning much earlier. Mr. Corliss points with legitimate pride to the I.C.'s distinction ("rare in transportation," he adds) of "never having been in receivership, of never having undergone a reorganization, and of never having defaulted on a dollar of its bonded debt."

THE STORY OF AMERICAN ROADS. By Val Hart. Sloane. $3. The fable that a cow laid out downtown Boston is not too fantastic a conception—buffalo made the first roads west of the Alleghenies, and the Indians and the white men took them over. (The Indians, by the way, never blazed a trail.) Virginia had a highway program as early as 1632—every able-bodied male had to fall to with a pick or pay somebody else to. The plank-road craze hit America in 1846, and in Wisconsin alone 135 separate companies were organized to levy tolls on these. By 1855 Westfield, Massachusetts, had thirty horsewhip factories.

The good-roads movement was itself set in motion by cyclists, not motorists. One "improvement" that followed the motorcar was the sawdust road, which occasionally caught fire "if someone carelessly threw away a lighted pipe or stogy." (Note to author: Men do not throw away pipes, lighted or unlighted.) The first long-distance truck run was opened in 1911 —Denver to Los Angeles, sixty-six days. The following year the Lincoln Highway was born or at least christened. The name was there well before the road, on which work began in 1914. America now has 3,000,000 miles of rural highways, 200,000 of which are high-type cement. "Today, as in the past, vehicles are far ahead of roads," says Miss Hart, who tells her story with crispness and brevity.

GRASS OF THE EARTH: Immigrant Life in the Dakota Country. By Aagot Raaen. Norwegian-American Historical Association, Northfield, Minn. $3. This is the intimate story—factual reminiscence—of a Norwegian immigrant family's life in the territory that was admitted to the Union as North Dakota. It is unusual in two respects. It is concerned not with the first frontier but with "the middle period of Norwegian settlement," as Dr. Theodore C. Blegen of the University of Minnesota characterizes it—the era that saw "the coming of the railroad, the saloon, the farm mortgage, and the sales agent." Its hero, the father of

(*Continued on page* 38)



—Jacket design for "The Story of American Roads."

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Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

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A Tough One For History

TOKYO.

IF you want to see an economic miracle, come to Japan. Battered and defeated less than six years ago, Japan under the American occupation has had a prodigious recovery. Today Japan is easily the most prosperous nation in the Far East.

Most amazing of all perhaps is that a large part of the rehabilitation has come about during the past year. I was in Japan in the summer of 1949. The Japanese at that time were making progress but they were run down at the heels. Their clothing was skimpy and tattered. Their faces seemed drawn and tense. The food shops had little volume and variety. Housing was still a critical problem.

When I returned to Japan a few weeks ago I had to rub my eyes. The change was startling—a change in both place and people. The Ginza, Tokyo's main thoroughfare, was lit up by neon lights. The shops were crowded. About the only thing you couldn't buy was a television set. There were refrigerators, washing machines, electric bed warmers, fancy luggage, delicate lace lingerie—even pogo sticks. Food was plentiful. The people were comparatively well dressed and had far more bounce than when I had observed them eighteen months ago. "Better than before the war," a university professor told me. "Japanese people are grateful for American help in rebuilding ourselves."

What I saw in Toyko was reinforced in Hiroshima. It is difficult to tell today that this entire area was devastated only five years ago by the first atomic bomb in history to be dropped upon a city. True, there are still some ugly scars—the famous Exhibition Hall Building and the discolored façade of the City Hall. But Hiroshima has been almost entirely rebuilt. Wide new thoroughfares are in process of construction. Modern office buildings are going up. Old trolleys are being replaced. Mayor Shinzo Hamai is busy at work carrying out his plan to make Hiroshima one of the most beautiful cities in the East. One of the principal features of the new plan is a large Hiroshima Peace Center project, which will include a hospital, orphanage, community center, exhibition hall, and an institute for the study of peace.

"Many, many changes since you were here in 1949," Mayor Hamai told me. "The psychological recovery is even greater than physical recovery. More people are working. More people have homes. The city has helped to put up new housing projects, like the one you see over there." He pointed to an impressive two-story building development, which covers most of a short block.

I was especially impressed by the improvement in the hospital facilities. At Dr. Akio Asano's hospital, for example, people are no longer forced to sleep on floor mats. There are beds and good mattresses for all. Dr. Asano proudly showed me his new operating room and equipment and his modern sterilizers. The miracle drugs—penicillin, streptomycin, aureomycin, cloromycin, and others—still are not available in large quantities, but at least it is possible to obtain sufficient quantities for the serious cases. I recalled the trouble we had to go through just a year ago in order to obtain from the United States enough streptomycin for a seven-year-old girl dying from tuberculosis in Dr. Asano's hospital.

It wasn't only Hiroshima or Tokyo. Other cities I saw in Japan reflected this spirit of recovery and well-being. The industrial centers are working at top speed. The shipbuilding business has had one of the most prosperous years in its history. In rolled steel the year's goal has been surpassed; a new goal of 4,000,000 tons has been set for 1951. Pig-iron production will probably exceed 2,500,000 tons this year. In a recent month more than 90,000 bicycles — basic transportation in Japan—were produced. A postwar production record was established in the automotive industry with an output of 2,250 cars in November alone.

What impresses a visitor from America most of all, however, is the general atmosphere of detachment from the Korean war crisis. You have to keep reminding yourself that only a few hours away a war is going on. You seldom ever hear the war discussed. There are no big black headlines in the papers about Korea. Even among the members of the American community you find little reflection of the extreme anxiety that back home amounts almost to national jitters. I had the strange experience of being asked by an American friend, an officer in the occupation, to explain why everyone in the U. S. seemed to be sitting on the edge of his spine.

"Every time I get a letter from home the folks write as though they think I'm sitting on the edge of a volcano or something," he said. "I keep writing them that there's far less worry over Korea here than there is back home, but I guess they think I'm trying to put on a brave front.

"I'm not trying to say that we here in Tokyo are living in some wonderful Shangri La or anything like that," he added. "It's just that we've got a job to do and there isn't too much gassing about it. Maybe the closer you get to the front the calmer you get. Maybe it's because we don't see newspapers on every corner or because we're not in the habit here of switching on the radio news every hour or so. Whatever it is, we have the strange feeling that you have to be back in the States if you want to get close to Korea."

IN the Japanese there is little surface evidence of any preoccupation with the war news. The visit of John Foster Dulles has attracted a great deal of general interest, but that is because the Japanese Government and people regard a peace treaty with the United States as the number one national aim. In general, however, the comparative boom has served to focus the individual's attention on himself and his share in the improved national standard of living.

Culture and entertainment are thriving. The Japanese traditional folk theatre is having a considerable resurgence, especially among the young people, although it has not yet replaced the American movie as the nation's favorite pastime. Incidentally, I was pleased to see that the quality of American movies being shown in Japan today represents a considerable improvement over the films I saw billed last year. It seems apparent that Hollywood is taking the trouble to eliminate many of the films which give a distorted idea of life in the United States. The other day, strolling along a street leading to the imperial palace, I noticed a crowd of Japanese gathered in a large circle. A model-plane tournament was in progress, and youngsters were sending their

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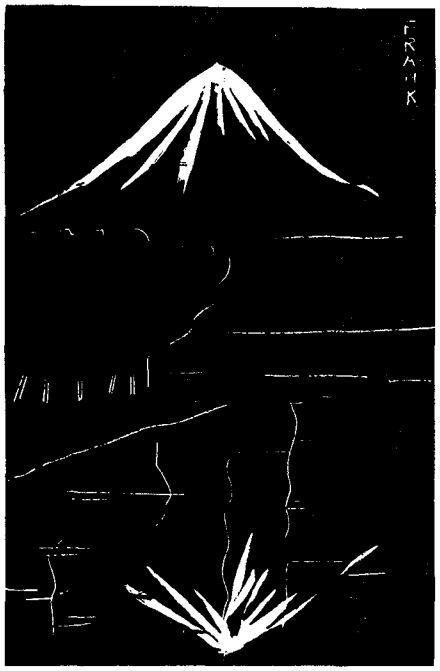

planes aloft in a contest of speed and endurance. The planes were as sleek and as professional as any model planes I have seen anywhere. Most of them were powered by fuel engines, and they set up a small roar as they buzzed along.

Suddenly there were screeching sirens as motorcycle military police cleared the way on an adjoining thoroughfare for a caravan of U. S. Army ambulances carrying American boys wounded in Korea to our hospitals in Tokyo. A few persons watching the model planes turned around to see what was happening. It would have been interesting to know what thoughts crossed their minds as they watched the seemingly endless procession of trucks with their Red Cross insignias. Would they be pondering the irony that only a few years ago Japanese were fighting and dying in China? Then America crushed Japan and moved into Japan, doing more for the Japanese people in a few years than the supranationalists had been able to do in a half century. Indeed, America was doing more for the vanquished foe than it was doing for many of its own allies. And then by a strange twist of history Chinese and Americans are killing each other while Japan becomes a prosperous spectator. And here were American Army ambulances speeding past a group of Japanese watching their youngsters pursue fairly expensive hobbies.

If these were the thoughts that passed through the minds of the few Japanese who even bothered to look up I wonder what they made of it all. Perhaps they didn't even try. It's a tough one for the historians to figure out when they get around to it. —N. C.

André Gide

UP TO his eighty-second year, when death seized him in the midst of literary activity, André Gide remained the *enfant terrible* of French letters. A defier of convention and emancipator of thought, he stood, despite his contradictions and subtleties, as the great humanist of our time. For this reason as well as for his crystalline and highly personal prose he now joins the great French tradition from Montaigne and Pascal to Stendhal and Flaubert. As novelist, dramatist, prose poet, and essayist he belongs with the best of his compatriots. By his critical studies, his many translations, and his vast journals he deserves a place among such as Shakespeare, Sophocles, Dostoievsky, and Goethe; for in the person of André Gide, marvelously open to all influences, French literature of the twentieth century shares in the noblest aspects of our cultural heritage. His last writings, still unfinished, were devoted to defending that rich and universal past of which he has suddenly become a part. —JUSTIN O'BRIEN.

Good News

▸ On the same day the New York press front-paged the story that 199 veterans and a beauty school corporation were indicted by the Federal grand jury on charges of conspiracy to defraud the Veterans Administration of $250,000 there appeared a small dispatch from Suffolk, Virginia, which told the story of a disabled veteran who was a ditch digger before the war and whom the Government assisted in learning to be a butcher. This veteran says he doesn't want any more disability checks from the Government. He has returned two checks totaling $126.40. "Now I feel like the Government has done enough for me, especially with so many fellows coming back from Korea all shot up," he said, asking that his name be withheld because he was afraid people would think he was "grandstanding." "There are enough of us sucking the country dry," he exclaimed, "and it's time we stopped sucking and started giving."

▸ In New Brunswick, New Jersey, Post 133 of the Jewish War Veterans volunteered to supply substitutes for Christmas who would otherwise have had to work on Christmas Day. First requests were for twelve movie-theatre ushers and three restaurant waitresses. "There are no conditions attached to the offer and we shall accept no compensation," Harold Berman, the Post's spokesman explained. "Our sole reward will be the knowledge that we have been able in a small way to express our gratitude for the splendid relationship that exists between the Jewish members of our community and our Christian neighbors."

▸ Minneapolis housewives recently took over jobs of striking service workers to make possible continued treatment of seven hundred poliomyelitis patients at the Sister Kenny Institute. Some treatments, such as hot packing, were curtailed for a time, but enough volunteers were at work to permit normal routine, institute officials reported.

▸ During the past three years a North Carolina county agent has been giving advice to Indian farmers in a hundred-square-mile area north of Calcutta. Wheat production in that area went up 67 per cent and potato production 200 per cent. This is but one illustration of how under the Point Four program we are giving help and advice to peoples in thirty-six underdeveloped countries.

▸ British scientists have evolved a method for producing blood plasma from seaweed. The only known sample of this unique new chemical is now at the Seaweed Research Institute in Scotland. This substitute for blood plasma has been named Laminarin and is a type of seaweed starch. One ton is produced from about one hundred tons of seaweed. The amount of dried seaweed which can be gathered from the Scottish coasts each year is close to two hundred thousand tons.

▸ Congratulations to the scheduled domestic airlines on their fine performance in 1950. Admiral Emery S. Land, president of the Air Transport Association, has announced that in spite of a new record of passenger miles flown—and therefore of a higher exposure than ever before—the airlines were able to bring down the passenger fatality rate per 100,000,000 passenger miles to 1.2 as compared with the excellent 1.3 record for 1949.

▸ Eight transportation systems operating from New York have undertaken a human relations program under auspices of the Roman Catholic Interracial Council, the Metropolitan Council of B'nai B'rith, and the Protestant Council of New York by displaying an interracial car card which reads: "True Americans accept people on their individual worth. . . regardless of their name, religion, color, or occupation. Do you?"

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Biased Toward Rhee

SIR: Believe me, I am very seldom indeed moved to write in reply to a review of one of my books. Arthur L. Grey's flat statement that my "Why War Came in Korea" [*SRL* Nov. 25] is not "candid" does, however, seem to me to demand a rejoinder. Perhaps he was motivated to make this charge by the fact that I have for several years served as a consultant to the Korean Pacific Press and to various agencies of the Korean Government. This fact is very candidly and fully avowed in the book and is featured strongly on the jacket. If there has been a lack of candor, perhaps it adheres in the fact that this review was written by a man who has a competing book with a strong bias contrary to mine (which is not candidly avowed, but which many reviewers have called attention to).

Mr. Grey dismisses my book with short shrift indeed, contenting himself very largely with the charge against its candor, and finally flipping it off with the very strange charge that since I am a professor of speech I have given far too much importance to speech-making as a means of combatting Communism. Actually, the speeches I cite in the book are almost entirely presented as evidence of the point of view held by Syngman Rhee at various stages of the struggle for Korean independence. As a matter of fact, however, I do place a very high value upon speech as a means of combatting Communism — a view shared by all those who favor the "Voice of America," "The Crusade for Freedom," and other movements to find in psychological warfare a bloodless alternative to the awful appeal to arms.

One of the tragedies in our dealing with Asia is that we have become badly confused as to who are our friends and who are our enemies in that part of the world. I believe Syngman Rhee is our friend and his Communist foes are our enemies. If this be bias, I am glad to be biased.

ROBERT T. OLIVER.

State College, Pa.

SIR: Apparently Dr. Oliver demands in his reviewers those uncritical qualities which commend to a defense attorney the prospective juror who never reads a newspaper.

My feeling that he is not frank with his readers is not simply a difference of opinion, as he implies. Certain of Dr. Oliver's statements are plainly incorrect. For example, he says (pages 12-13) that "the greatest single achievement of the Republic was its land reform program," but that passage of the enabling legislation was delayed until May 1950 by the National Assembly. Actually the National Assembly, which has been at odds with authoritarian President Rhee on many occasions, had passed land reform bills several times previously, but Rhee refused to promulgate them into law. In October 1950, during the Republic's brief control of North Korea, Rhee's agriculture minister demonstrated his Government's abilities for losing friends and alienating people by announcing that the Communist redistribution of land nearly five years before was invalid.

When I reviewed Dr. Oliver's book I also reviewed "The Epic of Korea," by E. Wigfall Green. At one point Mr. Green wrote:

> Paul Hoffman, head of the Economic Cooperation Administration, on March 23, 1950, pointed out to Prime Minister Lee Bum Suk of Korea the decline in Government revenues and the increase in expenditures and asserted that unless measures were taken by the Government of Korea to overcome inflation he would consider requesting of Congress a smaller sum for the fiscal years 1950 and 1951. Secretary of State Acheson on April 3, 1950, complained to the Ambassador of Korea of inflation, of the Korean system of tax collection, and of contemplated postponement of Korean elections.

The Associated Press reported that "Acheson used some of the strongest terms he has ever employed in dealings with a friendly government." This criticism forced the resignation of Premier Lee, and President Rhee was obliged to promise immediate fiscal reform and that national elections would be held in May.

Dr. Oliver made absolutely no reference to this episode. Instead, he wrote that "in January and February 1950 Paul Hoffman, director of the ECA, and Secretary Acheson testified to the steady and rapid progress of the Republic. Hoffman described it as 'nothing less than spectacular.'... Secretary Acheson praised the political stability achieved by the Rhee Government...." Dr. Oliver did not mention the May elections, which were given widespread interpretation as a repudiation of Rhee's leadership.

The meaning of his parenthetical statement in the first paragraph of the above letter is not entirely clear, but I suspect he is endeavoring to impugn my own opposition to Communism because of my expressed reservations about Rhee. Six months before the invasion of South Korea began I wrote in the "competing book" to which he alludes criticism of Pentagon policy for appearing to write Korea off as militarily indefensible in disregard of our moral responsibilities toward the country.

Dr. Oliver closed his book with the recommendation that "our leaders should lay aside the basis for the lasting unity of the democratic world through speeches which stress the need for an ethical approach to international relations and which denounce the whole concept of national sovereignty . . . [they] should conclude these educational efforts by inviting the free nations of the world into a new constitutional convention for the purpose of drawing up a federal constitution to succeed the present charter of the United Nations" (pages 259-60). I fail to see the relevance of this kind of speech-making to fighting Communism successfully. The proposition that the United States should promote the dissolution of the United Nations and consummate the division of the world seems ill-suited to combatting disease, clothing ragged bodies, or filling empty stomachs—to effectively challenging Communism, which cannily operates at the "rice roots" in Asia.

We cannot afford to support leaders who through ineptitude and shortsightedness ignore the crying needs for reform and thereby finally drive their people into the excesses of revolution and Communism. To assert that we must either support such leaders as our friends or be guilty of supporting the Communists seems to me to

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I put up with you . . . and to think I could have been the bride of Henry the Eighth!"

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deny us any choice, for such leaders have tended to be in the Asia of today the precursors of Communist domination, as events in China clearly show. Fortunately the United Nations still has a choice in Korea. Granted active American support it can act to see that Rhee's power is curbed in accordance with his own Constitution, and it can assure that reforms required for political stability are made.

ARTHUR L. GREY, JR.

Berkeley, Calif.

Neglected By-Line

SIR: As a practitioner who has sought to bring dignity to the translator's craft—and who is at the moment in association with equally submerged colleagues, struggling to bring into being a "Translators Guild of America"—it was a matter of keen disappointment to me to find that Mr. Bach's excellent review of Eugen Kogon's "The Theory and Practice of Hell" [*SRL* Jan. 13] did not even mention my name as translator. "The Theory and Practice of Hell" is an important book, a lesson in history which we are in a fair way of ignoring, to our own damnation. In calling attention to my own part in the American edition I have no desire to subtract one iota from the credit that properly belongs to the author. But it is a fact that in this case, as in many others, the translator functioned in a capacity far beyond that of linguistic interpreter—that for years he nagged and wheedled in an effort to see to it that this vital message was set before American readers in the first place. Is there not enough credit to go around?

HEINZ NORDEN.

Bayside, N. Y.

On Losing a Friend

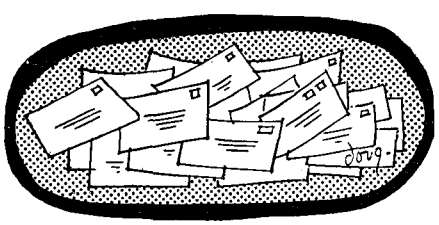
SIR: I am one of the many somewhat educated and quite powerless Americans who cannot afford a subscription to your magazine. Yet I usually manage to read each issue.

As one of this kind of American I felt sorry—very sad—when I heard of Sinclair Lewis's death in Rome. I felt I had lost a very good friend. I felt I had lost a friend of courage who, although he was born and bred and educated in a higher social sphere than was I, did sense our powerless condition.

By contrast, I have always resented the unkind manner of many critics and professors of "English" when they viewed Mr. Lewis's writings. He had his faults. Yet he did not have the one unforgivable fault of many of his critics. He never used the power of the position he occupied to spread his views. He by and large spoke as an intelligence and not as a professor or editor. For this I honor him.

HAROLD KASTNER.

Elkhart, Ind.



NEW EDITIONS

"BARSETSHIRE is the most nostalgic of English counties." With this statement Lance O. Tingay begins his introduction to "The Bedside Barsetshire," compiled by himself, illustrated by Gwen Raverat (Knopf, $3.50); and anyone who has spent any time in the county of Anthony Trollope's invention is almost sure to agree. Indeed, Trollopians have as good friends in Barset as they have anywhere, and whenever they revisit its cathedral town, its villages and farms and manor houses and castles they discover new delights. With Mr. Tingay they may return to their favorite county in sympathetic company, for he has extracted from the six Barsetshire novels episodes, scenes, characterizations, and gems of worldly wisdom, and he has woven them into a charming anthology.

In it one witnesses once again Mrs. Proudie's discomfiture at the hands of Mr. Slope, and Mr. Slope's subsequent rout by Mrs. Proudie. In it Archdeacon Grantley stands his ground and speaks his mind, Mr. Hardy follows his conscience, Bertie Stanhope prattles while his sister practises her wiles, Sir Louis Scatchard dines with the squire of Greshambury, Mary Thorne becomes an heiress, the Reverend Mark Robarts stumbles into deep financial water, Frank Gresham horsewhips Mr. Moffatt, and Johnny Eames blacks Crosbie's eye, Mr. Slope tells his love to more than one lady, Josiah Crawley is caught in a strange web of circumstance, the Duke of Omnium entertains, and Mrs. Proudie proves to be only mortal.

Mr. Tingay has chosen well and has dovetailed his selections skilfully. In addition to his introduction he has provided a learned discussion of the cartography of Barset, a "handy guide" to the county, and a "Who's Who in Barsetshire" that may be used to test the memory of the most knowing Trollopian. But his selections are not as self-sufficient as he believes them to be. The Duke's dinner party stands well by itself, but in most of the other episodes much must be missed by a reader who is not familiar with the characters involved and with their relationships. For example, one can hardly appreciate to the full the clashes between Mr. Slope and Mrs. Proudie unless one knows the whole story of their association; the attack on Crosbie is meaningless unless one is familiar with the events that led up to it; and a stranger to Barset reading of Sir Louis's performance at Mr. Gresham's dinner table might well be excused for not quite placing Lady Arabella. However, there are fine tastes of Trollope here, and it is probable that "The Bedside Barsetshire" will send many of its readers to the novels from which it came. The illustrations are acceptable, but the illustrator should have known that the confrontation of Dr. Thorne and Dr. Fillgrave occurred not at the front door of Boxall Hill but in the hall just outside the dining room.

Trollope's "Autobiography," which because of foolish readers won its author more disrespect than praise, has been published in the Oxford University Press's admirably designed Crown Edition ($3.50). It is a discreet, decorous story, for Trollope did not believe in undressing in public; but it is surely one of the pleasantest books of its kind, and the man who lives in its pages is perhaps the most companionable of English novelists.

He was a man who made full and persistent use of all his talents. An antithetical character was Thomas Lovell Beddoes, whose "Plays and Poems," edited by H. W. Donner, have been added to the Muses' Library (Harvard University Press, $2.50). At nineteen Beddoes was hailed as a son of Shakespeare and Marlowe; at forty-five, dead by his own hand, he had published nothing in fulfillment of his early promise. And posthumous publication of his poetry, including the extraordinary "Death's Jest-Book," revealed a poet of short, broken flights. But in those flights there is something close to genius; there is imagination of a unique kind, great verbal originality, dramatic intensity, and prosodic mastery of a high order. Mr. Donner has furnished his collection—including the 1829 version of "Death's Jest-Book"—with an introduction that is in the main excellent; but his brusque denial that Beddoes was homosexual is not convincing.

Additions to the attractive American Editions of Everyman's Library ($1.25 each) are Van Wyck Brooks's "The World of Washington Irving," Thucydides's "History," "Great Expectations," "Moby-Dick," and "Selected Writings of Thomas Aquinas," edited by the Reverend Father M. C. D'Arcy. —BEN RAY REDMAN.

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Fiction. *In the West Indian Republic of Haiti painting and literature flourish. Two brothers, Pierre and Philippe Thoby-Marcelin, heirs of an old and distinguished name, have written "The Pencil of God," to follow their 1943 prize-winner, a vivid story of conflict between voodoo and Catholicism. Keith Wheeler's "The Reef" is centered in a captain of Marines whose cowardice during a bloody landing in the Pacific cracked up his civilian life. The remaining novels are on the lighter side. Don M. Mankiewicz's "See How They Run" is about what makes racing thoroughbreds go round and round. Vaughan Wilkins contributes a deft story of pirates and treasure that belongs beside "Treasure Island." Hildegarde Dolson in "The Form Divine" has written a lively satire on the ladies who try to recover their lost lovers through that torture chamber known as "Beautiful You Salon." It is grimly entertaining to both sexes.*

A Man at War with His Ghost

THE REEF. By Keith Wheeler. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 319 pp. $3.

By John Barkham

THE second wave of war novels is now battering at the beachheads. The first, long since spent, left a few survivors—"The Naked and the Dead," "The Gallery," and one or two more. But generally speaking it was a spontaneous rather than an artistic evocation. By and large the war novels now appearing are distillates of personal experience that have been more deeply pondered and refined. The burning anger has given way to resignation or cool appraisal. It is no longer "This is What Happened" but rather "It Was (or Wasn't) Worth It."

Such a considered assessment is Mr. Wheeler's deeply felt and often moving first novel, "The Reef." It is less a picture of a man at war than a picture of what was once such a man, set before the reader with obvious understanding of the delicate mental balances that keep man a sane animal.

First laurel goes to Mr. Wheeler for his skilful exposition. The story opens with a picture of Nick Cotten on the skids—fired from his job, deserted by his wife and son, avoided by his friends, on the point of losing even his mistress, a confirmed alcoholic ready to cash in his chips after a succession of lost week ends. In a last effort to salvage something from the wreck Cotten flies out to the Pacific to investigate a commercial project for his firm, which is giving him one more chance. The plane is forced down at Tarawa, and Cotten finds himself back at the scene of his wartime crack-up.

Cotten had been there as a marine captain landing his company in the bloody assault on the island. This book might, indeed, have been called "Crack-up," for it was when his landing craft stuck on a coral reef that Cotten faced his great test and failed. Other craft stuck, too, but the men jumped out and waded through a thousand yards of water into the fiery hell of Japanese fire. Cotten backed off instead.

Here we have the reason for his gigantic guilt complex—its acrid memory searing all of his subsequent life. Can a man live with such a specter? Mr. Wheeler say "No" and sends his hero in vain to the classic sedatives of women and drink.

All this we discover in the long middle section of the book, a thoughtful and at times brilliant study of a man who cracked in a crisis. On Tarawa Cotten meets the post commander, a sage old fellow whose function, we soon learn, is to play the psychiatrist to Cotten. In a somewhat slick final section the old man is able to exorcise the ghost and restore Cotten's lost faith in himself.

This is perhaps the only weak part in the book, and weak because it diverts Cotten from his predestined end. It is only because his creator has endowed him with such drive and direction that the happy ending rings hollow. Cotten should have been allowed to drown his sorrows in the waters of Tarawa.

This reviewer also has his reservations about the commander, that "old philosopher living in a graveyard," whose wisdom seems too simple a solvent for a heel so long consumed with self-hatred. But these are minor blemishes that detract little from the promise and intensity of Mr. Wheeler's over-all achievement. His story is mature in conception, assured in technical performance, and instinct with meaning.

This was war as it really was on those beaches, a place that was all death. Mr. Wheeler's best pages prickle with battle, with the reek and crump and crawling fear. His words work for him: "the red-balled Zeros, deadly pinwheels of flame in the dark." And Cotten himself would be a challenge to any novelist; yet Mr. Wheeler has made him real, a man "lugging a load of conscience." It would be a pity if this powerful story were lost in the rush of spring books.

John Barkham is book editor of Coronet *and one of the editors of* The Saturday Review's *Syndicate Book Service.*

Pacific beachhead—"the reek and crump and crawling fear."

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Long John of 1951

THE CITY OF FROZEN FIRE. By Vaughan Wilkins. New York: The Macmillan Co. 250 pp. $3.

By NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

THERE is unhappily a limit to the number of times we can read "Treasure Island." After that we consign it to the schoolboys, hoping (against conviction) that they will really appreciate it and feeling (with Shaw) what a pity it is to waste this consummate experience upon the young. And we wonder why nobody else has ever written for us another book like that. All of which is preamble to the pretty wonderful news that somebody has tried—and with signal success. It is easy enough to say that Vaughan Wilkins is not Stevenson; that kind of observation can only be meaningless and unjust. Mr. Wilkins has made profound obeisance to Stevenson in the form and spirit of his tale. At the same time he has infused it with charm and dash and wit and romantic inventiveness, entirely fresh and spontaneous. He has come as close as it is possible, I think, to producing the book to place next to "Treasure Island" upon the shelf—and that is meant to be high praise.

Consider the lad Kit Standish, living in his fine house somewhere upon the blooming English countryside in about the year 1826. Consider that one morning as he is fishing in his pool he observes a strange young man in antique costume, black-haired and pale of face, with one mutilated stump of forearm bound in a bloody rag and the other arm holding a prince's diadem of gold and rubies, who carries upon his person an ancient coin with edge unmilled upon which is stamped his own likeness—Madoc, Prince of Cuivera—who speaks in a forgotten Welsh tongue, who mumbles of "shouting and swords and blood and frozen fire" as he faints upon the threshold of the Standish house.

Have we begun? Ah, but he comes from a lost and forgotten island where his people still live in a culture frozen in its ancient forms and beauties. He has brought with him a portion of their treasure, in search of aid; for the secret land of Cuivera is beleaguered by pirates who have scented it out and now lay siege to its bastion cliffs. The Prince has been pursued and injured by the infamous Captain Darkness and his cutthroat band. Darkness is the venemous Pew come to life again, a Pew with two bright, seeing eyes and a marvelous power of evil. Darkness and his gang set upon the house of Standish, kill a groom, and steal the diadem as well as the chart which leads the way to Cuivera.

—*Howard Coster.*

Vaughan Wilkins—"of swords and blood."

—*Gabor Eder.*

Hildegarde Dolson—"not via falsies."

This is the challenge no Standish can endure—and so Sir Christopher and his good friend Sir Richard Gayner charter the brig *Volcano* and set off for the land of Prince Madoc in pursuit. Aboard also are Kit and his formidable Aunt Tupenny and Captain Cottrell and Wang Tom, the bosun—and among the crew is Mr. Yemm, the fine, open-hearted, bold, grinning, treacherous John Silver of 1951—Captain Darkness's right-hand man!

And so we are off to the adventure of treasure and a remote island, piracy and noble courage, antiquity and charm—one more taste of that rare concoction we thought might never be brewed again. To all who ever said an unwilling farewell to Jim Hawkins and Long John and the *Hispaniola*, good cheer. This book is for you.

Beautiful You

THE FORM DIVINE. By Hildegarde Dolson. New York: Random House. 310 pp. $3.

By PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

I HAVE a word of advice for Hildegarde Dolson. The goblins (perhaps even the Committee on Un-American Activities) will get her if she—don't—watch—out! For this book of hers is patently subversive. It strikes at the Very Heart of American Culture. It is an attack on American Womanhood and on the creed by which Womanhood lives. In it the noblest institutions of feminine society are held up to ridicule. Better skip the country, Miss Dolson, before the Charm Schools, the Success Courses, the Beauty Salons of the nation track you down.

For "The Form Divine" is as iconoclastic as "Darkness at Noon" and probably more dangerous. It dares to suggest—and with what sneering merriment!—that woman has a higher duty to her household and to the world than keeping her figger; that the way to marital happiness is not via exercise and falsies. Now you know and I know what a slander that is! Advertisements assure us, magazine fiction has taught us beauticulture is the panacea for any feminine woe. Save the surface and you save all. Does your spouse grow cold to you? Get a new hair-do, and the second honeymoon will shine. Are you a lonely spinster? Restyle your lipstick, and a man is in your grasp. Do you lack confidence, are your friends falling away, is there Another Woman? Lose twenty pounds, get some advice about clothes. Life begins anew. It's the faith in which we have been brought up.

And now Miss Dolson has the impudence to deny that faith. She gives us Lucilla Webb, thirty-seven, a nice little wife and mother of one. She gives Lucilla a problem. Then she sets her down as an eager pupil at the Beautiful You Salon (six weeks, $260) along with several other eager pupils. Most of them are perfectly representational of ladies who in the proper kind of story need only Beautiful You and a few coincidences to emerge with romance clutched in both fists. Only Paris Green, the show girl, eludes the pattern, and she turns out to be one of the pleasantest nitwits since "Born Yesterday." But are those problems carefully ironed out? Heavens, no! They increase like guinea pigs.

For these prisoners of gullibility are as doomed as Arthur Koestler's old revolutionaries. Their indoctrination is as complete, their sufferings as hor-

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rible. Have you heard of living on raw carrots and mineral oil? Have you heard of Spankie-Wankie? Of climbing walls? Of hanging head downward, strapped to an ironing board? Those are normal tortures in the sachet-scented halls of Beautiful You. And these victims suffer to no avail.

It's all rather sad and quite funny; but, I repeat, it is subversive. The orthodox ingredients are here right enough. Lucilla becomes a New Woman. She learns to Walk like a Goddess with a brick on her head, and she acquires a new coiffure. Her curves increase (she is a Bony, not a Bulgey) and her skin breathes again. She learns to pick up marbles with her toes. She even meets Another Man with high cheek bones and a pipe. But Miss Dolson has stacked the cards. All that these accomplishments bring Lucilla, as they do the other Beautiful-You's, is near catastrophe.

So I recommend this book with extreme reservations. Let the faithful beware. Let also the literary beware, if they are looking for plot, characterization, or upper-bracket satire. But if you have ever been curious about what goes on between Before and After in the pictured advertisements, if you are partial to the sound of illusions shattering, or if you simply like a brisk, gay farce then "The Form Divine" is yours.

Win, Place, or Show

SEE HOW THEY RUN. By Don M. Mankiewicz. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 307 *pp.* $3.

By W. R. Burnett

THIS is a solid story of American thoroughbred racing, full of authentic talk, believable characters of the mile-oval fraternity, much esoteric racing, breeding and betting information, and even a full form-chart on the big race which marks the climax of the story, a form-chart such as appears in the *Daily Racing Form*, bible and curse of those who are still trying to get back the first two dollars they bet.

As an old horse-player who learned the hard way I hope Don M. Mankiewicz "gets even" on this book. But I have my doubts. He knows too much about the subject; and as there is only one way to acquire such knowledge it is probable that he is already in too deep. However, I wish him luck with the attempt. At least a book can't slip a saddle or go lame a furlong from the wire.

The information on the book's jacket is very meager in regard to the author, but as he writes in an autobiographical aside that "Transmute jumped over the inner rail in a flat race"—carrying the author's life savings ($50)—and as Transmute was foaled in 1921 it would seem that Mr. Mankiewicz has been around for some time. The book shows it. This is no fumbling "first novel." Though apparently his first one published. Literary virtuosity is displayed in the exposition, the delineation of character, and the building of scenes. In fact the author is perhaps a little too much taken up with technique, and his skilfully-managed flash-back method backfires ultimately due to unavoidable repetitions and nullifies to a certain extent the suspense of this basically suspenseful story.

I wish he had told it straightforwardly. But even as it stands it is a good job and a sound piece of Americana. Too many American writers are writing stories about American writers who come to New York and live with other American writers. They never seem to look around them at the rich material of the common American scene. When not writing about the literary coteries of New York they write about North Africa or Venice or Capri or Rome. They always seem to be running away. Maybe it's too tough for them here. If so, we need a new crop of writers.

Mr. Mankiewicz may be one of them. American lawlessness, crudity, and vulgarity do not seem to cause him any particular anguish; he seems to be able to look at it all steadily. He does not adopt the flippant, hard-guy pose. He is as nearly objective as it is possible to be and writes of the early life of a slum Italian (the jockey N. Bragg) in the same tone and with the same emphasis or lack of it as he writes of the early life of an Irish-born horse trainer (Sam Gleason) and of an American of old stock, run to seed (Commodore Terhune). This type of writing is unusual at the present time and has a definite freshness about it.

Maybe I am overstressing the literary quality of this story and scaring off readers. I hope not, for "See How They Run" is an ideal book for the general reader. It will take him into an alien world and make him acquainted with a kind of living he has known heretofore only by hearsay and false report. Such books are in a sense a form of experience—experience gained at little cost and practically no effort.

Man Bewitched

THE PENCIL OF GOD. By Pierre Marcelin and Philippe Thoby-Marcelin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 204 *pp.* $2.50.

By Pamela Taylor

THE BROTHERS Pierre Marcelin and Philippe Thoby-Marcelin, leaders in the Haitian literary movement, are already known in this country for their novel "Canapé Vert," which was translated into English a few years ago and won the prize in a Latin-American fiction contest in 1943. French-speaking and educated by Roman Catholic clergy in Haiti, the Marcelins have lived much abroad and are heirs to a family tradition which has included various important political, artistic, and intellectual figures of Haitian life. In this new novel they combine a sophisticated observation with extraordinary artistic awareness of the people of whom they are writing.

The theme of "The Pencil of God" is as old as man himself, and proverbs in innumerable tongues have expressed it in capsule form—"Give a dog a bad name." Boss Diogène Cyprien, forced by the seizure of a German-controlled firm, which until the outbreak of the war had been the pivot of his small trader's business, to move out to the edge of Saint-Marc with some idea of sitting the crisis out, found his world suddenly and unpleasantly circumscribed. Handsome, virile, and sensual, Diogène's real interest in life was women. He had not ever been a faithful husband, although he was fond of the woman whom he had married and a devoted father. But five children in four years had led his wife to declare herself finished with the conjugal bed forever, and here was Diogène, time on his hands, with a natural desire to bring a justly renowned amorous career to a handsome finale and only a depressingly limited number of prospects in view.

The superb Lourdes, a strikingly voluptuous girl of sixteen, soon absorbed his attention, but her mother, Commère Zeline, understood his preoccupation only too well and, intent upon marrying her off untouched to someone of her own class, made a crafty defense of her beautiful and willing daughter. Diogène and Zeline, each too clever by far, became involved in intricate schemes to outwit each other, and Diogène, while he had his way with Lourdes, became hopelessly involved in the voodoo practices of her family. Disasters befell him which only strengthened the local rumor that he was bewitched; slander first started by the old crones of

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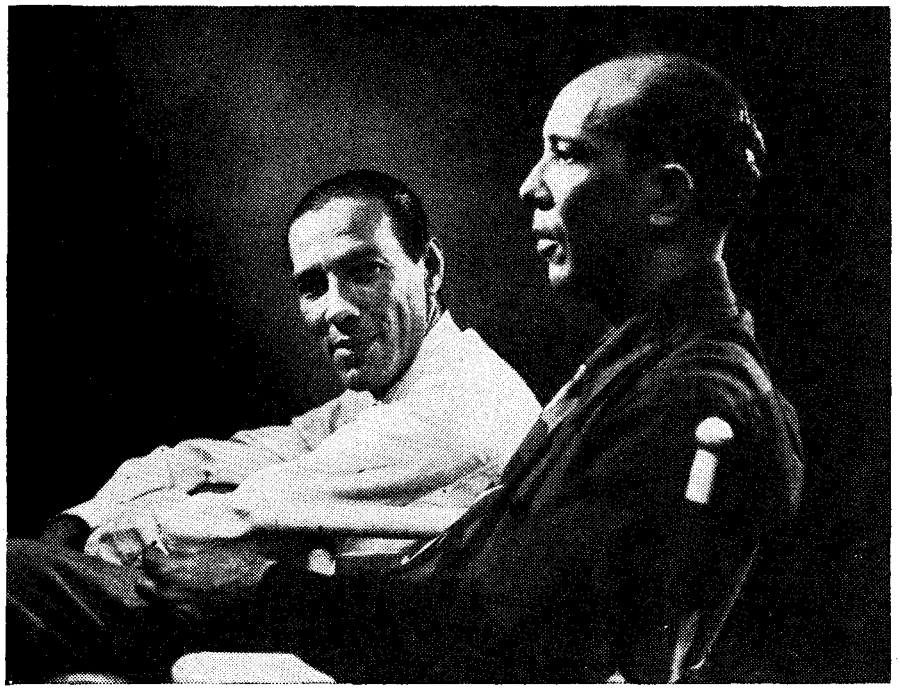

The brothers Marcelin—"the still potent power of voodoo."

Zeline's connection snowballed into a popular and contagious fear of the man which finally infected even him. Diogène's plight of trying to remain in good standing with his own Roman Catholic world while still being unable to cast off the potent power of voodoo beliefs destroys him in the end.

The fascinating contrasts of Catholicism and voodoo which underlie the story serve to underline the vitality of this most intensely vivid tale. Edmund Wilson has contributed an illuminating introduction on the Haitian literary tradition and renaissance as well as on Haitian beliefs and mores, which the Marcelins' earlier books led him to study. The novelty of the material, the literary distinction of its treatment, and "the serious basis, in anthropology and in moral insight, of the Marcelins' work in fiction" make this one of the most interesting books of the year.

Fiction Notes

FOLLOW ME EVER. By Charles E. Butler. Pantheon. $2.50. The miracle of the stigmata is one that has bemused many writers. Charles E. Butler, a poet of quality, has here essayed a modern parable centering around the reactions of a group of American soldiers stationed in Ireland to the occurrence of this miracle in their midst.

The story is written in the form of a memoir. Pieced together, in spite of the author's rather arbitrary time shifts, it shapes up into the following. One night Ellis, a soldier otherwise undistinguished, observed upon his hands the wounds that duplicate the wounds upon the hands of the crucified Christ. Frightened, he leaves the camp without permission. Later he is picked up by the military police and unable to explain his actions he is subjected to court-martial proceedings. He is not court-martialed but instead sent into action, where he is killed. Among his company are those who saw the stigmata and believed in it, those who did not see and believed, those who did not see and were not sure, and those who did not see and did not believe. The narrator of the memoir is presented as one who did not see and yet believed.

This is the kind of simple parable that depends upon simplicity in telling to achieve its effects. Mr. Butler has not that simplicity. His structure is irritating and confusing. His prose is over-elaborate and loaded with such "poetic" adjectives as "strange," "terrible," "mysterious," "fragrant," and "beautiful," evasions which obscure rather than illuminate his intent.

—Edward J. Fitzgerald.

FAREWELL THE TRANQUIL. By R. F. Delderfield. Dutton. $3. Perhaps there is need for another story set against the French Revolution. In any event here is one and one a cut above the average. It is complete with scenes of venal or stupid politicians at work, long shots of Danton, Marat, and Robespierre, and a closer-up view of Tom Paine and Joel Barrow. (Happily we get only one brief glimpse of Marie Antoinette.) We see the storming of the Tuileries, the September massacre, and the guillotining of Louis Capet. We are also given reflections on the nature of democracy, the necessity of violence and of the paths of progress.

These trappings are apparently required, and Mr. Delderfield has provided them with a generous hand. Unfortunately, he has allowed them to interfere with his telling of a story with genuinely exciting possibilities. Wrongfully accused of murder, half-French David Treloar flees from England into Revolutionary France. There, by one of those fortunate encounters which every historical novelist has up his sleeve, he finds lodging in a house which not only provides an opportunity for love interest but also provides practically a box-seat for viewing the Revolution. Here is where Mr. Delderfield trots out those trappings, and the novel bogs down for long passages. It picks up again (along about page 175) when with David married to the fair Charlotte and Charlotte in prison action breaks out all over: murders, journeys in the night, scenes in the caves of the Gironde, the rescue of Charlotte from prison, the flight across La Vendee, and a final fillip of excitement in the last chapter.

The story cannot be said to be well constructed, but there is plenty of it. There would even be enough of it had Mr. Delderfield concentrated on his fairly interesting set of principals, whose adventures are exciting. But those historical figures and that mob are always getting in the way.

—E. J. F.

RENO CRESCENT. By Zola Ross. Bobbs-Merrill. $3. In its general outlines the story of "Reno Crescent" sounds unbearably trite. Young Abigail Hunter takes a covered wagon trip to the West with her family in 1860. On their way to Nevada she becomes engaged to Martin Fielding, a Southerner, who presently has to leave her to make his fortune. Of course, the Civil War intervenes. She waits for years, living for his letters, then not hearing at all. Meanwhile she takes his name, brings up his child, runs his newspaper in the then struggling little town of Reno, supports his family, and fends off assorted suitors in the complete confidence that Martin is still alive and will return to her. Along the way she scandalizes the good ladies of the town by becoming an aggressive, successful businesswoman, not above doing favors for and accepting them from Chinese laundrymen and prostitutes. Finally she throws in her lot with that of the future of Reno in a way that is more surprising to her than to the reader.

If anything saves "Reno Crescent" from utter banality it is the way in which Miss Ross shares and commu-

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nicates her heroine's enthusiasm for Nevada—for the early stages of its towns, the beauty of its desert. Yet this occasional lyrical note is hardly enough. No one who has been reading fiction for the past twenty years can help remembering that Edna Ferber wrote this type of novel first and that Bess Streeter Aldrich wrote it better.

—Dorothy Koch Bestor.

GRAIN OF THE WOOD. By Michael Home. Macmillan. $3. If Chippendale means no more to you than Grand Rapids stay away from this book. But if you are one of those people whose heart misses a beat at the sight of a majolica dish or a Bartolozzi print reach out for it. For Michael Home has made a hero out of an antique dealer and a novel out of his business. Mr. Home is the most unpretentious of writers. He weaves a modest little tale, tells it in a self-effacing way, and hopes he has not wasted the reader's time. A clear case of a novelist who aims low and hits what he is shooting for.

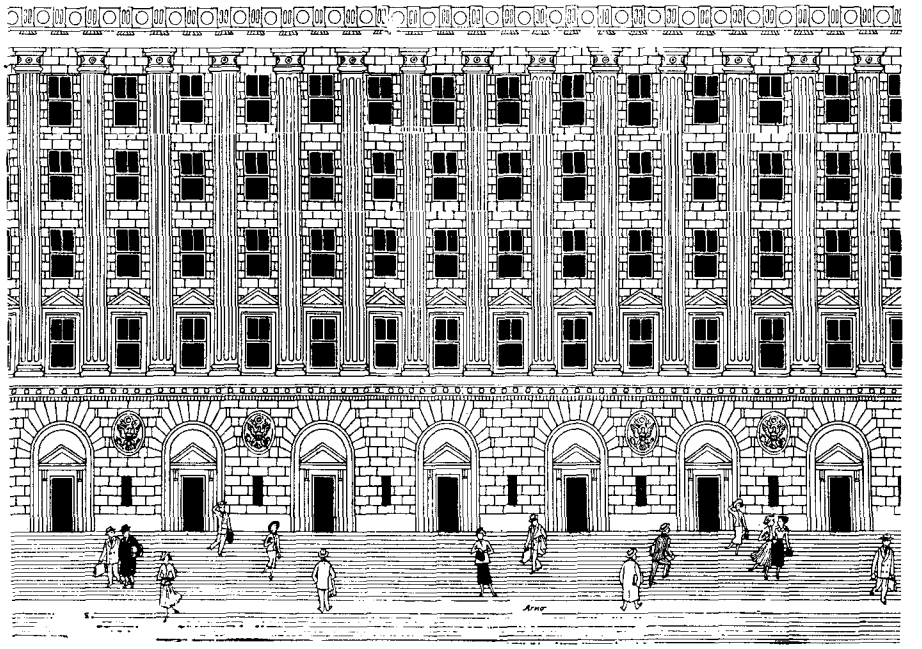
"Grain of the Wood" is the story of Ted Burling, a Norfolk lad who married pretty Jenny Shadd and set up shop with her in the antique business. They do well, have a son, rescue him when he gets into trouble, and that's all there is to it. But in the process of growing older with the Burlings we also grow a good deal wiser about antiques. Auction sales are the dealer's lifeblood, and Mr. Home is very good at describing the way a dealer gets his piece. The book has an English rural setting, and what the English dealer goes for may not be what the American collector prizes. But the basic technique of acquisition doesn't vary much. When dealers examine pieces they dearly desire with studied carelessness, nod their bids with seeming indifference—this is universal, one imagines. Mr. Home does this as to the manner born. —J. B.

CAROLINE HICKS. By Walter Karig. Rinehart. $3.50. Behind Washington's imposing marble façades toils an army of workers whose lives are extremely remote from the newspaper headlines manufactured by Government bigwigs. Walter Karig's novel dissects the everyday existence of these anonymous small-time careerists. His heroine, Caroline Hicks, is one of the thousands of small-town girls who feed the gigantic civil-service assembly line.

A bright young thing, Caroline rapidly adjusts herself to Washington mores. After moving into a crowded rooming house for refined young ladies she plunges into the Interior Department's stenographic pool. Her roommates, hard-boiled Shirley and practical Margaret, are old hands and initiate her into Washington's three M's: men, money, and martinis. Competition for the capital's male population is keen, but Caroline eventually acquires a string of predatory young men. She also manages to keep one jump ahead of her meager paycheck and to imbibe more liquid refreshment than is good for her. A brief fling with her wolfish boss is followed by her engagement to an upright veteran with artificial hands.

Mr. Karig is evidently a versatile writer. He has not only co-authored "Battle Report," a World War II Navy history, but has written two previous novels, "Zotz!", a Book-of-the-Month Club selection, and "Lower Than Angels." In "Caroline Hicks" he displays a flair for realistic reportage. But his pages of girl-chatter and smart-alecky boy-girl banter are monotonous. Long before the end one begins to wish that Caroline would decide on her young man and settle down to domesticity.

—Ray Pierre.



—*From "Caroline Hicks."*

OCTOBER FIRE. By Eleanor Mayo. Crowell. $3. In the fall of 1947 forest fires terrified the people of Maine, as the flames swept back and forth over the hills of that wooded state. Eleanor Mayo has here constructed a nicely knit popular novel around the reactions of an average group of townsfolks in a threatened Maine village.

Mike Arey is the heretofore irresponsible young man who is her hero. Returned from the wars he is plunged into the fire-fighting problems of the community of Frenchville, already half destroyed by the first consuming wave of the fire. Caught up in the community plight he discovers his love for it. He also discovers his deep love for Ginny Hanscom, whom earlier he had flirted with in light and irresponsible fashion. Then there is the problem of Aunt Tiz Arey and her abortive romance with Amory, the town's police officer. There is also the problem of Polly Hanna and her love for the oppressively mother-ridden Jonesy.

Miss Mayo has supplied enough plots for a dozen soap operas and she has tied them together in a neat package. She convincingly evokes the terror and tension created by the terrible threat of forest fire and the problems of fighting it. As a bit of over-caution she has strung her plot on a mystery line centering about a mad firebug, which could well have been left out. Any self-respecting soap-opera addict who couldn't spot the culprit on his first appearance would be read out of the club. —E. J. F.

TESSIE: The Hound of Channel One. By Shepherd Mead. Doubleday. $2.75. For those who haven't yet made a down payment on a TV set it isn't too late to read the account of the meteoric career of "Tessie, the Hound of Channel One." They will be exposed to what may be the video of the future—to a show built around a beautiful but dumb collie, who parlayed a fifteen dollar bit-part in a dog-biscuit commercial into an amazing $1,250,000 career.

That she became a coaxial wow isn't news to anyone who has followed TV through the next decade, as Mr. Mead has; Tessie even made the cover of *Life*. (Check with your newsstand regularly.)

Simply by sitting back on her haunches, mugging into the camera,

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and hiring an actress to do her growling Tessie swamped the country with "Tessie-ism." Just as it happened to, say, Milton Berle or Faye Emerson, this telegenic four-legger awoke one morning to find herself a celebrity—reproduced as a plastic toy, painted on children's T-shirts, featured as a hat of mink-blended muskrat with twin peaks shaped exactly like her own ears. Bobby-soxers gave up shredding Sinatra and went after Tessie; they paid her the ultimate accolade: they began to bark.

Despite its decided unevenness, this satiric flight into TV's future is amusing. Here are the ad agency's identical v-p's in identical clothes, the Other Network, the cutthroat situations that make life so refreshing along Madison Avenue. As for the life of Tessie's master, it is hell, salvaged only when a jealous performer (human) engineers a plot against the collie that rocks the nation. This hound of channel one is no literary relative of "The Hound of the Baskervilles" by a long shot; but she may be a symptom of TV to come.

—Bernard Kalb.

ALL SOULS. By Geraldine Symons. Longmans, Green. $2.50. In 1844 Jacob Abercorn and his wife Lucy sailed from England to Australia to start a farm and a married life together. Thirty years later Jacob's son Tom was the first to take a steamboat up the Yangtze River from Shanghai to Chunking. Another thirty years, and Tom's daughter Sickle returned to England, to find again for the family the pattern of English life. It is a full span of experience traced across the century by the Abercorns on three continents and amidst more wars, floods, and famines than most families have actual knowledge of.

Miss Symons's novel of the Abercorns is strong in movement and change; but also it is weak where it should have a concurrent strength—in its depiction of character. The Abercorns seem like so many thin-paper patterns cut to paste upon the scenes, all words and postures and no real flowing blood stream, with none of the unpredictable vitality of humans. They get thinner as they go along, so that although Jacob might be an acceptable figment of some past history, Tom recedes further from credibility, and Sickle is altogether a concoction in two dimensions. What life there is in Miss Symons's book resides in the Australian bush and the Chinese hills.

—Nathan L. Rothman.

PROUD CASTLE. By Eleanor Mercein Kelly. Bobbs-Merrill. $3. Ronald Farquhar met the woman who was to influence his whole life when he was still in college and she but a girl of fourteen. She had a glamorous background. Her mother had been a brilliant and beautiful musician who had married a commoner in the face of her Hungarian royal family's tradition and had died in America still estranged from her people. The child, reared by her old nurse, was steeped in the lore of Hungary, its music, history, frivolity, and its dramatic political fervor. It was Ronald's task to win Gisela away from the demands of her proud family and to overcome her sense of duty to them—so that she would marry him.

This might have been a gay or stirring novel. Instead, it is—despite Mrs. Kelly's obvious familiarity with the setting—an indigestible mixture of goo and bad George Barr McCutcheon. Ronald adores Gisela in a pink marshmallowy way, egged on by his mother's coos, tears, and tender smiles. His stepsister pines in secret for him, while Gisela, mouthing platitudes and pages of information on Hungarian history and folklore, marries her dashing cousin and attempts to carry on the family name. Ronald, skipping back and forth between New York and Budapest at her royal whim, woos her in a maudlin but moral fashion until Fate removes the faithless cousin-et-husband. "Proud Castle" will indubitably please a large audience, but this mawkish tale is not the answer to the reading public's discontent with the morbid or sordid novel.

—Christine Noble Govan.

ASYLUM ISLAND. By Hilton Brown. Macmillan. $3. The imaginary Lassou is an independent Negro republic in the Caribbean. For the mixed company of inhabitants whom Lassou's creator brings to our attention the island is an asylum in both senses of the word: "Madhouse — no doubt; but also—refuge."

—*From "Asylum Island."*

Hilton Brown's novel about Lassou is a reasonably amusing and occasionally exciting account of several weeks of assassination, voodoo, intrigue, carnival parading, and other extravagances all bearing on who is to become the island's leader. If one can protect it from comparison with such a masterpiece of this genre as Evelyn Waugh's "Black Mischief," "Asylum Island" rates as adequate entertainment.

Its chief merits are deft writing, a good pace, and a genuine feeling for the beauties and terrors of Caribbean life. Its defects are not-so-deft plotting, a lack of wit in the dialogue, and the failure to establish much of a bond of sympathy between reader and hero.

One has the feeling that correction of these faults should have been a simple matter for a writer of Mr. Brown's skill and experience. It should have been easy for him to tighten up the plot; he might have been a little more spendthrift with the wit he undoubtedly possesses. As for his hero, Colin Strathdee, it is hard to imagine why it seemed desirable to make him a man who had fought by choice for Franco in Spain. There are readers who will have difficulty reconciling this with Strathdee's despising a political rival as a Nazi.

There are many others readers presumably who can discard the final objection without difficulty. They will find "Asylum Island" a generally diverting if not especially memorable book.

—Vance Bourjaily.

MR. BYCULLA. By Eric Linklater. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50. Eric Linklater has a gift for realistic fantasy which is revealed at its best in this short but exciting novel. Mr. Byculla, the chief character, is the mystery man supreme. Presumably his real name is McKillop, presumably one of his great-grandmothers had been a temple prostitute in Southern India. In any case he has an extraordinary acquaintance with the philosophy and ways of the Thugs, who at one time terrorized India, basing their murders on religious grounds.

He is a strange man with strange tastes in all things; Londoners, naturally, do not take to him. Stranger still is this man's patronage of Dr. Lessing, a London psychiatrist whose patient he becomes, whom he baffles with such dreams as no psychiatrist in London or elsewhere has ever heard. Dr. Lessing is a mild, kind, pathetic sort of character with a double-timing wife who carries on with a young man acquitted of a murder charge but still under a cloud. There is also Sir Simon, a retired official of the British Empire in India.

Mr. Byculla, for purposes which it would be unfair to the author or his prospective readers to reveal, ingratiates himself with all who participate in the story. There is an undercurrent of growing horror, with Mr. Byculla well in charge of operations, pulling the strings unbeknown to the others. And Mr. Byculla is such a kind man! This is a subtle story, a thriller designed in true British fashion on understatement.

—John Cournos.

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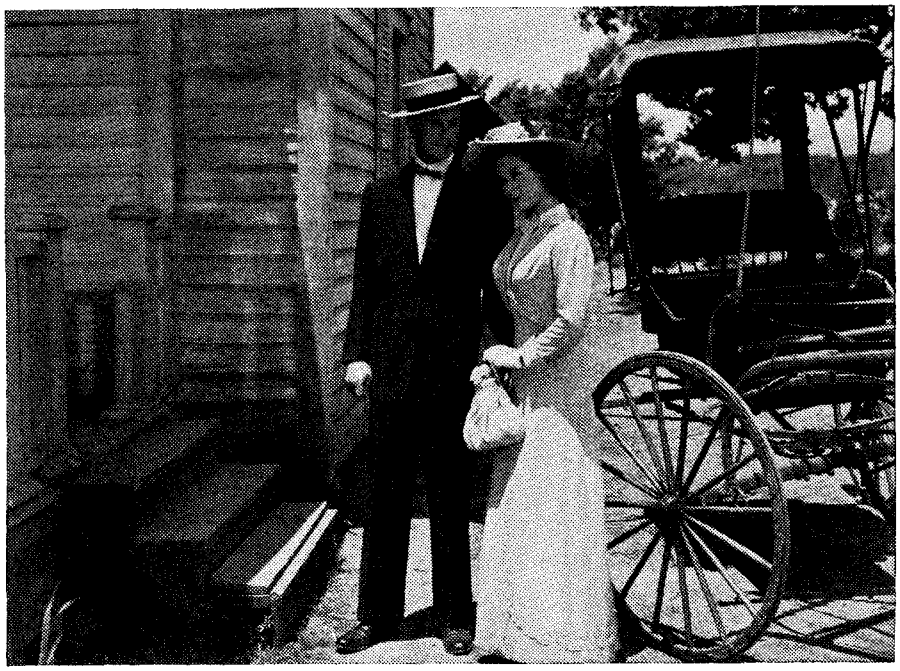
SRL Goes to the Movies

CALICO AND REALITY IN HOLLYWOOD



William Lundigan and Susan Hayward—"no artificial tinsel."

DEEMS TAYLOR in introducing "Of Men and Music" (Twentieth Century - Fox), one of the week's new films, unknowingly sounded the keynote of two others now starting their national rounds—"I'd Climb the Highest Mountain" (Twentieth Century-Fox) and "Molly" (Paramount). He had been meeting, he said, with a group of musical artists and had discovered that not their artistic genius alone but their human qualities as well accounted for their greatness.

It happens, unfortunately, that beyond personally having discovered the magnetism of his musical friends—Rubinstein, Heifetz, and Mitropoulos among them—Mr. Taylor had no opportunity to inject their personal warmth into "Of Men and Music." A company of scriptwriters took that job in hand and to a large degree muffed it. But more about that later.

Notable at this point is the fact that the two other Hollywood presentations were more successful in projecting the charm of their characters, the ardor and piquancy that make them convincingly real—and reality is a product by no means mass-produced in the valleys near Los Angeles.

There is no artificial tinsel, for instance, decorating "I'd Climb the Highest Mountain," an adaptation of Corra Harris's novel "Circuit Rider's Wife." It smacks of Georgia's bright red earth and it is dressed in the simple calico befitting the wives of dirt farmers in patched dungarees. Even the Technicolor is becomingly subdued as director Henry King, an old hand at capturing authentic local color although usually in more bombastic screenplays than this—i.e., "Lloyd's of London," "Twelve O'Clock High," and "The Gunfighter"—unfolds a one-year span in the lives of an itinerant minister and his city-bred wife in the rough Blue Ridge hill country. His objective as drawn for him by Lamar Trotti's script is obviously not to triumph in converting Mossy Creek's atheist into a full-fledged member of the minister's "Amen Corner" but merely to portray the informality with which this thoroughly endearing circuit-rider tries to do it.

The Rev. Dr. Thompson thereby emerges not as a sanctimonious wonder-worker but as an entirely credible young man who, having chosen the cloth as his calling, refuses to forego the pleasures of racing his strawberry mare against the town gadfly's or of matching his own strength against the prowess of the local field workers for twenty-five cents a throw to benefit the church's Christmas-toy fund.

There is no lack of spiritual faith in the Rev. Mr. Thompson; he is resolute. But neither is he a stiff-collared spellbinder. He is a warm, realistic, understanding pastor capable on the one hand of cajoling his congregation into remembering their marriage vows and on the other of keeping their faith secure in the midst of a devastating epidemic.

As it probably was not in the Harris novel, "I'd Climb the Highest Mountain" is a series of vignettes strung firmly together by the locale and by the confession of the minister's pretty wife, who doubles as narrator, that learning to match the faith of her husband—even learning to endure it—was a monumental task. But each vignette is so neatly turned that the film is never marred by choppiness. Through a combination of wit, compassion, and stark drama a handsomely-rounded character materializes to illuminate the handiwork of which both Lamar Trotti and Henry King well may be proud.

The leading players are equally rewarding. Susan Hayward brings the minister's wife to life with a quiet dignity that contrasts sharply with all her earlier roles and that at least in this observer's opinion is a long cut above the alcoholic of "Smash Up," with which she attracted major attention as an actress. William Lundigan's minister is an expert creation. Frank Tweddell again distinguishes himself, this time as a hard-working horse-and-buggy doctor, and the rest of the supporting players, including Gene and Kathleen Lockhart, Ruth Donnelly, and Rory Calhoun in roles that are more pat, are effective.

* * *

"Molly" is the screen debut of the Molly Goldberg radio and television family. It is far from an auspicious debut if brisk storytelling **and** an ingenious plot are still among **the** measures of a gratifying picture. But it glows with the honest, hearty spirit that Deems Taylor found in the high places of his own special world. Molly (Gertrude Berg) is just what you imagined her to be if you never saw her on the stage or through a video picture tube—bustling, tireless, and entirely lovable. So are her husband, Jake (Philip Loeb), the much-put-upon Uncle David (Eli Mintz), and the forthright Tante Elka (Sara Krohner). They are the core of a typical, earnest, and ingratiating Jewish family, and the triteness of the romantic dido Mrs. Berg with the aid of scriptwriter N. Richard Nash has devised for them probably won't be too damaging.

But the further screen adventures of the Goldberg clan will have to boast more than the transparent conniving of the philosophical Molly trying to save an old flame from luring a young moth into marriage—if the family ever is to approach the

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one-time screen popularity of, for example, the Hardys.

* * *

And just as Molly's charm saves the day for the first of the Goldberg pictures, so does artistry—and not the projected personalities of Rubinstein, Jan Peerce, Nadine Conner, or even the ebullient Mitropoulos or the self-effacing Heifetz—make Mr. Taylor's picture worth its box-office tariff.

I don't mean to deny the theses of "Of Men and Music"—that Rubinstein at home is a devoted father who plunks out "Pop Goes the Weasel" to delight his children or that Heifetz has the rare faculty of escaping his trancelike musical concentration to be a gay partner for his chic wife on the tennis court or in their strolls around their California estate. Neither do I want to belittle the good intentions of the producers in bringing to the millions of American moviegoers the cultural benefits of classical music interpreted by masters and recorded with such tonal distinction. They have set themselves a worthy objective. Unhappily, the goal is still beyond the imaginative range of their writers.

Yet, despite the "humanizing" bits of screenplay, the brilliance of the performers perseveres — Heifetz's amazing perfection in a Paganini "Caprice," Mitropoulos's dynamic grace in conjuring the scent of brimstone in the New York Philharmonic's rendition of the third movement of Liszt's "A Faust Symphony," the beauty and precision of Rubinstein's playing and of Peerce's and Miss Conner's singing. For these unaccustomed screen treasures there is good reason to be grateful.

—Herb Cornell.

SRL Recommends

The Sound of Fury: Townspeople, inflamed by circulation-hungry headlines, lynch impoverished man sucked into crime, together with psychopathic killer. Gripping, if somewhat unconvincingly motivated. [*SRL* Feb. 3.]

The Steel Helmet: Despite familiar "characters" and story line, a compelling quickie about the war in Korea. [*SRL* Feb. 3.]

Ways of Love: Recipient of the film critics' award for the year's best foreign picture, this packaged trio of short movies by Pagnol, Renoir, and Rossellini is distinguished by superb direction, camera work, and performances. [*SRL* Jan. 27.]

The Halls of Montezuma: Filmed in good but not too glorious Technicolor. Shots of actual Marine-Navy maneuvers laced with taut performances into overpowering climax. [*SRL* Jan. 20.]

Born Yesterday: Billie Dawn gropes hilariously through ABC's of democracy, with considerable private enterprise. [*SRL* Jan. 6.]

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TV and Radio

CHILDREN DON'T CRY FOR IT

THE other evening I overheard a father say to his small child, "If you don't eat all your dinner I'm going to make you stay up and watch 'Leave It to the Girls.'"

This threat, in spite of its nutritive values, does not necessarily represent the views of the father and is in no way a reflection on the people of that program, living or on television. I merely mention it because this was the first time I had been in a home possessing a television set when the set was not turned on during the shank of the evening. My hosts were waiting for a program which would come on later in the evening. They were content to sit around and talk until that time. This is progress. And after we had seen the program they were waiting for they turned the set off and we talked some more. This is unbelievable.

I made some inquiries. My friends had had their television set nearly two years. The first six months it was on from late afternoon until the stations signed off. The next six months it was on from after dinner until the stations signed off. The next six months it was tuned in after dinner but there was a searching about for the entertainment. Now the evening paper is consulted, the time of the show or two they wish to view is noted, and the set is off until that time. Since this corresponded somewhat to my own coming-of-age with television as well as to the television habits of some of my other friends I take it as an index to what will probably be happening everywhere before long. The two years may vary slightly depending upon the individual, but for the most part television audiences will soon become quite chary about the amount of time they sit before their sets.

With radio it was different. Radio became and still is in many places a background of sound against which Americans perform their daily tasks and follow a pattern of life. It is as if the people are afraid of stillness. They need some offstage murmur to remind them that the world still swings on its axis and that even though all is not well with the universe it still exists and they are a part of it. I have heard political discussions carried on against a background of "Fibber McGee and Molly" and Bob Hope. No one thinks to turn off the radio. Shouts rise above it. I have seen people reading books through "Just Plain Bill" and "One Man's Family." And I myself was once featured in a rather recriminatory domestic scene played against a background of Martin Block's "Make-Believe Ballroom."

Phones are shouted into over the blare of a radio. Baths are taken to a radio accompaniment. Meals are eaten against the din of a radio. Women dress, men shave, children are spanked, letters are written, washing is done, love is made, nails are buffed, dinner is cooked, naps are taken, bank statements are balanced, cross-country drives are made, murders are committed, tears are shed—all against the incongruous background of sound which has become the motif of our everyday lives.

WHEN a radio is turned on it stays on. And so it is with a television set in the home of a new owner. At first there is the miracle of turning a knob and watching a piece of furniture light up and pictures appear. There is the excitement of setting up the room to look like a small theatre, the wonder of being able to see motion pictures at home without walking around to the neighborhood movie or battling the crowds in the downtown theatres. This newness soon wears off, we grow too easily accustomed to modern miracles, and the television owner begins to concentrate on what he sees rather than on the power he feels at being able to bring in a clear picture. This soon gives way to open hostility to some of the things he sees. Criticism flows freely and there are even heard vague grumblings. The wonderment now becomes, "How do they get away with stuff like that?"

Unlike radio, television can not be turned on and left turned on, while the audience carries on discussion or even passes the time of day. Somehow it seems a waste of something to keep it on with no one sitting before it and staring into its lighted face. Television will not become a background of sound as did radio. Already televiewers are selecting their spots, and it will be up to the television producers to make the spots so attractive that a father won't be able to threaten his child with television unless she eats all her dinner. Of course when that happens children everywhere will probably be suffering from hunger. But so far most of television is.

—GOODMAN ACE.

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Music to My Ears

LEHMANN'S FAREWELL—TOSCANINI'S ADIEU

IN a span of nearly twenty years and more than fifty recital appearances in New York Lotte Lehmann taught us something about the singer's art almost every time she sang. In the latest and unfortunately the last appearance she taught us how a great artist says good-by to a career. This would be an ordeal for any performer; for one to whom singing was so passionate a part of living it was almost an act of physical amputation —and one that left for all present a similar kind of dull ache.

With the evening went a swift mental review of her many unique dramatic characterizations—Elsa, Elizabeth, Eva, Sieglinde, the Marschallin in "Der Rosenkavalier." The affinity between them was eloquently adduced when at the announcement at intermission time that this was her last New York recital some voices cried: "No, No." "Don't argue," she called back. Then more seriously she continued: "As you know, the Marschallin has always been one of my favorite roles. She was a very wise woman, because when she looked in the mirror and saw she was growing old she said: 'It is time.' I have looked in the mirror as a singer and decided: 'It is time.'" So final a self-analysis decries disagreement.

Within the limits of her present strength Mme. Lehmann sustained a program peculiarly intense and demanding — Schumann, Mendelssohn, Cornelius, Wagner ("Träume"), Franz, and Schubert. It was especially intense and demanding because most of the songs were quietly reminiscent, with that bent for recalling happier days that seems a special province of German lieder. But always the touch was sure, the expression strong, the meaning personal. At the end she reappeared for encores, announcing: "I will try to sing 'An die Musik.'" Just what the phraseology meant was somewhat puzzling, for it did not seem a greater vocal feat than anything that had gone before.

She proceeded through the first and second verses without concession of any kind. As she approached the climax of this hymn to the power of music, with its repetition of "*Du holde kunst, Ich danke dir,*" neither words nor tone would come. She buried her face in her hands as Paul Ulanowsky finished the piano part, then walked swiftly off stage. If anything, these last seconds drew an exquisite line to underscore the joy Lehmann conveyed with her singing by revealing the agony it was for her to renounce it. Artists come and go; the memory of such a human being will remain.

* * *

On the following afternoon in Carnegie Hall another leave-taking darkened this week end as Arturo Toscanini yielded to medical advice that he give up the remainder of the season's series with the NBC Symphony Orchestra to rest his ailing knee. As his radio listeners know, there was nothing but mental vigor and spiritual health in the music he made of Debussy's "L'Après-midi," Respighi's "Fountains of Rome," and the "Enigma Variations" of Elgar; but the cost to him in physical exertion must have been severe. From time to time he steadied himself by resting his left hand on the rail around the podium; but this seemed more a mental than a physical comfort. By desire of Toscanini himself there was, as he entered and left, no applause from the several hundred people in the hall. It made an eerie, unreal thing of the experience as the final imperious sweep of the baton left only silence behind it, and a proud, weary man trudged to the wings.

* * *

These uncomfortably realistic dramas rather overshadowed the concurrent happenings in the Metropolitan, including two superior performances of "Götterdämmerung" and a "Tristan" in which Gunther Treptow sang the title role for the first time here. The last of the "Ring" cycle left one alternately exalted by the music and exhausted by the "story line" (as they would call it in Hollywood). As the older Siegfried, Set Svanholm was decidedly more a hero than he was a few years ago. Thought about the part and a natural broadening of style as he has gained confidence have had unquestionable results; it was also to his advantage to wear a helmet and bear a shield tailored to his measurement rather than to the proportions of Lauritz Melchior.

—Blackstone Studios.

Lotte Lehmann: "It is time."

The last of the Brünnhildes was always Kirsten Flagstad's most sumptuous vocal accomplishment and Helen Traubel's most humane, with rewards of comparable emphasis to those who heard one performance or the other. In each there was a tight nucleus of dramatic power in the finely paced, warmly phrased orchestral playing directed by Fritz Stiedry, with Deszo Ernster a worthwhile, worthless Hagen, Margaret Harshaw a strong Waltraute, and Herbert Janssen a properly piteous Gunther. Lawrence Davidson notched a little more esteem for himself with his forthright Alberich.

As Tristan, Treptow was more at ease vocally than he had been as Siegmund, his debut role, not only sustaining a similar standard of accuracy and precision in his delivery of the score but actually singing much of it with clarity, expressiveness, and vocal freedom. When at the words "*vor deinen Augen*" (in the second act duet) Treptow turned his head and actually looked in Isolde's eyes one forgave him his premature paunch, even the unsightly wig and costume he wore. Given proper attention to eye-appeal (a beard, perhaps?) and a reasonable development in the part Treptow could be a satisfactory Tristan. With Vinay and Svanholm as alternates the Metropolitan has a greater resource in Tristans—even without Melchior, the best of them—than it has had in years.

For that matter, Isoldes, too; for this time it was Astrid Varnay, an uncommonly youthful, vivid figure in action and often an expressive one in sound. The time is past, I suppose, to expect Varnay to master a method of using her voice in which its power will be harnessed as effectively as her mezza voce, but with its reckless stridency goes an occasional burst of eloquence quite uncommon. In this cast Harshaw was an awkward but interesting Brangaene, and Ferdinand Frantz sang a Kurvenal of power, poise, and excellent characterization. Fritz Reiner's conducting was what one expected of him, which is very good indeed. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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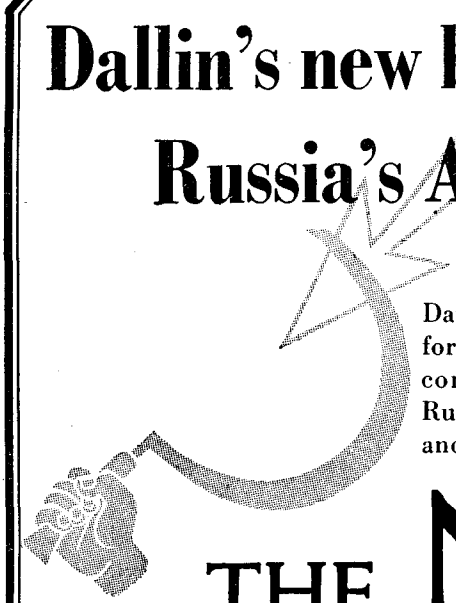
Dallin's new book exposes Russia's Achilles' Heel



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DECLINE OF EUROPE

(*Continued from page* 10)

of the few but of the many. But our laws secure equal justice for all in their private disputes, and our public opinion welcomes and honors talent in every branch of achievement, not for any sectional reason but on grounds of excellence alone. . . . Yet ours is no workaday city only. No other provides so many recreations for the spirit—contests and sacrifices all the year round and beauty in our public buildings to cheer the heart and delight the eye day by day. . . . We are lovers of beauty without extravagance, and lovers of wisdom without unmanliness. Wealth to us is not mere material for vainglory but an opportunity for achievement; and poverty we think it no disgrace to acknowledge but a real degradation to make no effort to overcome. . . . We secure our friends not by accepting favors but by doing them. And so we are naturally more firm in our attachments; for we are anxious as creditors to cement by kind offices our relation towards our friends. If they do not respond with the same warmness it is because they feel that their services will not be given spontaneously but only as the repayment of a debt. We are alone among mankind in doing men benefits, not on calculations of self-interest but in the fearless confidence of freedom. In a word I claim that our city as a whole is an education to Greece and that her members yield to none man by man for independence of spirit, many-sidedness of attainment, and complete self-reliance in limbs and brain."

These words of Pericles, the freely-elected democratic leader of Athens, come to us as recorded by his contemporary historian Thucydides. They were spoken in 431 B.C. when Athens was fighting for its existence against totalitarian Sparta. In the same free European tradition are these beautiful words of Winston Churchill when democratic England fought for its existence against totalitarian Nazi Germany:

Outside, the storms of war may blow
And the lands may be lashed with the fury of its gales,
But in our own hearts this Sunday morning
There is peace.
Our hands may be active,
But our consciences are at rest. . . .

We shall prove ourselves able to defend
Our Island home,
To ride out the storm of war,
And to outlive the menace of tyranny,
If necessary for years,
If necessary alone.

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We shall not flag or fail,
We shall go on to the end,
We shall fight in France,
We shall fight on the seas and oceans,
We shall fight with growing confidence and growing strength in the air,
We shall defend our Island, whatever the cost may be,
We shall fight on the beaches,
We shall fight in the fields and in the streets,
We shall fight in the hills;
We shall never surrender.

Today the West has this ancient individualist heritage to draw on, from Pericles to Churchill, in the face of the Soviet totalitarian threat.

During a small-town American political campaign it is said that the ghost-writer of one local politician, unable to write something new, simply handed his master the above speech of Pericles. Nothing was changed except the substitution of America for Greece and of the local town for Athens. The speaker was elected with acclaim. For the student of European history the important aspect of this anecdote is not the humor or sordidness of plagiarism. The important aspect is the miraculous unbroken continuity of European and American history, which made it possible for the plagiarism to succeed twenty-five centuries later on a continent no Athenian had dreamt of. In the face of this continuity and in the face of America's dedication to this European heritage what matters is not only the heartbreaking decline of Europe. What matters equally is the new, undaunted, phoenix-like rise of Europe on the other side of the water crossed by Columbus.

Peter Viereck is associate professor of history at Mount Holyoke College. His books include "Metapolitics: From the Romantics to Hitler" and "Strike Through the Mask." His "Terror and Decorum" won the 1948 Pulitzer prize in poetry.

Horses and Lightning

By Kate Beston

THE lightning is a lamp for sky and earth,
A momentary torch flung at the hill.
The horses in the field toss up their heads.
The whites of their frightened eyes glow in its light.
The rain has turned them black and edged their manes
With strings of fluid, ever changing jewels.
The lightning pauses, but to blaze again.
The horses graze, only to start once more
And stamp their pale hoofs on the streaming rock.

James Bryant Conant,

President of Harvard University, writes in SCIENCE AND COMMON SENSE

"This is a citizen's guide to the methods of experimental science . . . Whether we like it or not, we are all immersed in an age in which the products of scientific inquiries confront us at every turn. We may hate them, shudder at the thought of them, embrace them when they bring relief from pain or snatch from death a person whom we love, but the one thing no one can do is banish them. Therefore every American citizen in the second half of this century would be well advised to try to understand both science and the scientists as best he can.

"Why and how the wave of scientific curiosity began to mount are among the most fascinating and difficult of historical questions . . . But more important than contact with the ancient world or even the increasing spread of information due to the invention of printing was the spirit of intellectual adventure so characteristic of the Italian city republics in their days of glory . . . Petrarch, Boccaccio, Machiavelli, and Erasmus, far more than the alchemists, must be considered the spiritual precursors of the modern investigator . . .

"With idolatry of science I must confess I have little sympathy. Yet a better understanding of the methods of the natural sciences among laymen is certainly to be desired . . . In addition to understanding something about the methods of science, the layman needs to understand the operations of science as a human enterprise . . . Science is not a quest for certainty; it is rather a quest which is successful only to the degree that it is continuous . . .

"The United States as a nation can benefit more than any other country by the continued vigor of scientific investigation . . . Whatever any other nation may do, whatever the tensions of the times, unless or until a global war should engulf us, we must foster science; and that means fostering freedom of inquiry, of discussion, and of publication."

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AMERICANA

(*Continued from page 21*)

the family, was a Norwegian agricultural school graduate who had had eighteen years of army service following his completion of an officer training course. The story, narrated in the third person, is told by one of his daughters with warmth and fidelity.

WHALING AND OLD SALEM. By Frances Diane Robotti. Distributed by Oliver Durell, New York. Clothbound, $3.50. *Paperbound,* $2.50. When the whaler *Sapphire* left Salem in 1836 she carried a crew of thirty-four. She had a poor voyage, and seventeen men deserted. This was twice the going rate. On one trip the mate of a Salem whaler netted, as his share of the profits, $881, and so on down to the probable cabin boy, who got $3.95. But two sailors owed, respectively, $3.83 and $34.28—they had bought heavily of clothing, tobacco, and rum from the ship's stores. This sort of data, in great abundance, makes Mrs. Robotti's book entertaining reading and valuable social and economic history. Carleton D. Morse points out in his introduction that while Salem's whaling accomplishments were "never spectacular" by comparison with those of Nantucket and New Bedford, her contribution to the traffic, alike in men, money, and ships, was far from

negligible. And her literate shipmen maintained good logs, many of which are preserved by the Essex Institute.

THE ANTIQUES BOOK. Edited by Alice Winchester and the staff of the magazine Antiques. *A. A. Wyn.* $6. Thirty-five enlightening and expert papers from *Antiques* magazine, covering ceramics, furniture, glass, silver, pewter, architecture, prints, folk art, textiles, firearms, and toys, supported by some 200 effective illustrations, make up this handsome and authoritative volume. It is not a how-to manual or a primer for beginners, but rather an anthology by, though not necessarily for, specialists. Actually, the beginner is likely to derive more pleasure and wisdom from it than from a words-of-one-syllable treatise, for here the goal at which he is aiming is discussed by those who have reached it. In addition, the book is a valuable specialized contribution to American social and cultural history.

BLACK BONANZA. By Frank J. Taylor and Earl M. Welty. McGraw-Hill. $4. Oil was discovered in California a century before gold, but oil did not come in dust or nuggets, so gold stole the show. A genuine though small oil boom did develop a little late in the day, but by 1882 it had pretty well petered out. In that year Lyman Stewart arrived from the Pennsylvania oil country to see if something couldn't be done about the wizened California infant. It could, and he did it. He ran out of money several times but never out of hope and conviction, and in 1890 his properties were combined to form the Union Oil Company of California. Production that year was 84,421 barrels; in 1949 production exceeded 26,000,000 barrels. The story of Union Oil is here set forth in a vigorous, fact-packed narrative. The nearly 200 photographs are themselves a notable contribution to American industrial history.

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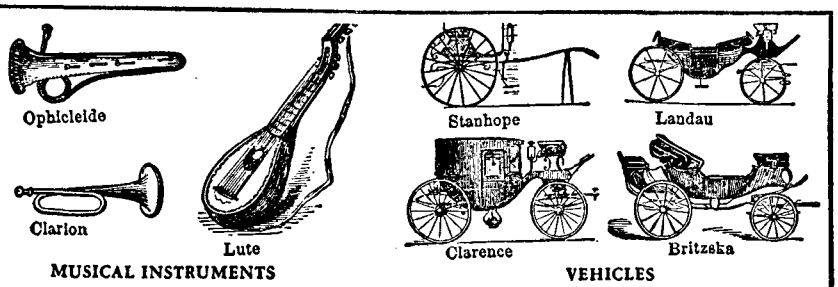
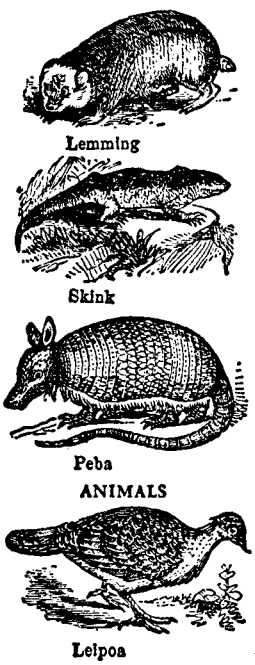
(*Continued from page 17*)

"naive realism." As alluring as this position might be to common sense, it cannot be supported by any consistent, systematic, and thoroughgoing theory of knowledge and it is, in addition, ridiculously easy to refute. One might say that the first thinker who can find a cogent, logical ground for asserting what the man in the street already knows will win high marks as a philosopher and contribute incidentally to the technological unemployment of his colleagues. This is the task, nevertheless, to which Mr. Isaacs, an English psychologist, addresses himself in this book, a little book which is only a preface to a larger and as yet unpublished work. He believes that traditional attempts to justify common sense have all failed primarily because of the adoption of a notoriously inadequate method. A psychology of cognition, relying upon a scientific method, can accomplish results which have always eluded a theory of knowledge, employing a philosophic method. The success of the author's assault on this ancient and eminent problem cannot be judged in this little space, but his bold effort merits the attention of philosopher and psychologist alike. Here is an original, informed, and important contribution to philosophy. And here is a new Dr. Johnson refuting Berkeley—and all of his predecessors and successors—by kicking a new hole in a new wall.

THE SUPREME IDENTITY. By Alan W. Watts. Pantheon Books. $3. Mr. Watts, a chaplain at Northwestern University and author of eight books on religion, shares with many young men (he is thirty-five) a deep concern for the present crisis of our civilization. Spiritual bankruptcy seems to him to sum up the situation, and neither education or religion possesses sufficient means to alleviate it. Education is committed to secular science and religion to a rational theology. The solution lies in restoring to religion an ancient source of spiritual power, a power which resides in the metaphysics of the Orient. This metaphysics has always been an object of suspicion to Western man, theologian and philosopher alike. It is a metaphysic, however, which transcends these disciplines and resolves the contradictions which they contain, especially those contradictions involving the finite and the infinite, the temporal and the eternal, the one and the many, good and evil, and God and man. In discussing these problems the author





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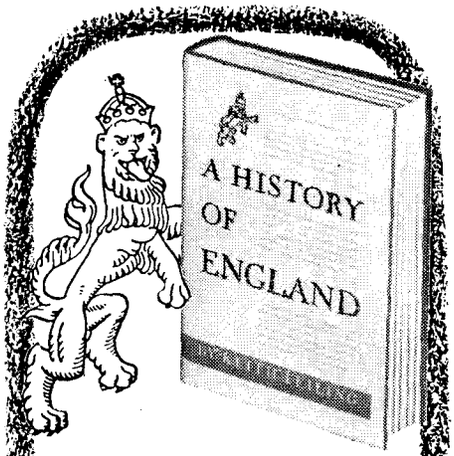

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seeks to render Oriental metaphysics less esoteric and to exhibit it as a unique prescription for the maladies of Western civilization. What cannot be accomplished by logical inference must be done by analogical reasoning and this is consequently the method he employs throughout the book. The strength of his convictions lends color, if little cogency, to his thesis, and those trained in less exotic intellectual traditions can admire his erudition without subscribing to his conclusions.

THE DIGNITY OF MAN. By Lynn Harold Hough. Abingdon-Cokesbury. $1.75. This little book is neither philosophy nor theology but rather a series of sermons on more or less traditional pulpit subjects. If they differ from other such collections it is because the author, a former dean of Drew Theological Seminary, possesses an erudition which he is not reluctant to exhibit even if the allusion, as in his comment on Toynbee, seems a little gratuitous. His principal target is secularism, whether it manifests itself in the natural sciences, in political science and economics, or in literature. Any treatment of man which minimizes his dignity as a son of God is to be deplored. The essential attribute of man is his freedom, a freedom which permits him to do good or evil as he wills. The difference between sin and evil, however, is that the former is intentional, the latter unintentional, transgression of divine law. To this distinction the author attributes considerable importance, although it does not, of course, solve the theological problem. Man is "over nature and under God" and without a willing acceptance of divine authority freedom itself becomes a precarious and useless thing. A logician or a sociologist or any secular scientist might have trouble with some of these propositions, but no one can deny that they make effective sermons.

EXISTENTIALISM. By Paul Foulquié. Translated by Kathleen Paine. Roy Publishers. $2.50. Is existentialism an intellectual fashion or a serious philosophical position? What does Kierkegaard, the melancholy Danish theologian, have in common with Jean-Paul Sartre, the boulevardier from the Café Flore? Is the "angelic doctor" of the thirteenth century, St. Thomas Aquinas, the only true existentialist, as Jacques Maritain would have us believe? And how do the Germans Heidegger and Husserl fit into a framework which includes the novels of Sartre and of Simone De Beauvoir? These are some of the questions which

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
LOVE ME IN DEATH *D. B. Olsen.* (Crime Club: $2.50)	After inquest declares his colleague's wife Evelyn murderess and suicide Prof. Pennyfeather sets out to find what really happened in and out of Hollywood.	The professor's peregrinations though somewhat improbable make pleasant enough reading; mystery not masterly but retains logic at least, with nice heroine.	On your list
THE ARMS OF VENUS *John Appleby* (Coward-McCann: $2.75)	A shot in woods of Greek island introduces Jane to strange menage of Englishmen and to desperate tangle of evil in Athens.	Solid, believable scenes, people, action; archeological details interesting. Flashback technique tricky but story value can carry it for intelligent suspense.	Good novel as well
MURDER GOES TO PRESS *Cicely Cairns* (Macmillan: $2.50)	No one was sorry newspaperman Exon was murdered; but the crime involved all the woman's page staff of London daily until the Yard brings past up to present.	Rarely intelligent and sensible narrator heroine; newspaper plant atmosphere fascinatingly authentic. Plot clicks nicely—logical murder, logical solution.	One of the best
THE HOUSE ACROSS THE RIVER *Margaret Bonham* (Macmillan: $2.50)	Running from wife and false life Nigel stumbles on a strangled prostitute, tracks a compelling doctor over England to solve double mystery of doctor and himself.	Neurotic confusion and obsession spark the chase. Long guessing games and cerebration through suitably damp and introspective English countryside.	Suspenseful Who-Am-I?

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M. Foulquié attempts to answer in a little book published three years ago by the Presse Universitaires de France and now translated into English by Kathleen Raine. He discusses his subject under three headings—essentialism (the thesis), existentialism (the antithesis), and essentialist existentialism (the synthesis). The first of these, again, may be theological, conceptualistic, or phenomenological in character, the second atheistic or Christian. The third he associates with the name of Louis Lavelle, successor to Bergson and Le Roy at the Collège de France. It was Lavelle who anticipated the existentialism of Sartre, who achieved an important synthesis between contradictory positions, and who retained the fundamental tenet of all existentialism; namely, that by an act of personal choice we determine to be ourselves and not pale imitations of the human type or insubstantial reflections of our society. M. Foulquié has given us here a good, if exceedingly brief and simple, introduction to existentialism. And his exposition is as clear and precise as only a Frenchcan can make it.

THE GREEK PHILOSOPHERS. By W. K. C. Guthrie. Philosophical Library, $2.75. A famous philosopher of the reviewer's acquaintance used to take great delight in the fact that the word "virtue" meant in Renaissance times courage in a man and now it means chastity in a woman. The Greek word "arete," usually rendered "virtue," had still another meaning, a meaning akin to what we should call "efficiency," and its context was a practical and vocational one.

It is no secret, of course, that words change their meanings as we move from one historical period to another and that these changes present obstacles to the understanding of the philosophical thought of another era, especially one remote in time. One is advised, therefore, to read Greek prilosophy in Greek. Since this is obviously impossible for those who do not specialize in the classics and since on the other hand many who do not read Greek are nevertheless interested in Greek philosophy some assistance is required. This little book is admirably suited to that purpose. Written by a lecturer in classics at Cambridge University and based on a course of lectures to undergraduates "reading" other subjects than the classics, it traces the thought of the Greek philosophers from Thales to Aristotle, with particular reference to the Greek meanings of Greek concepts. This is the sort of thing which the English do particularly well, and Mr. Guthrie's little book is no exception to the rule.

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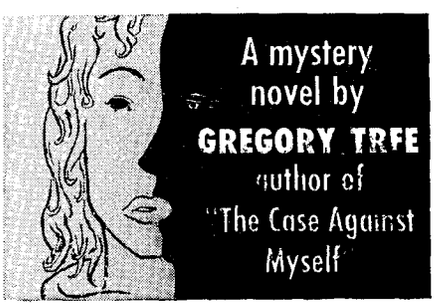

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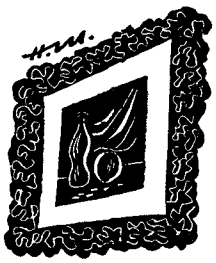

IN THE January issue of the Metropolitan Museum's *Bulletin* appears a remarkable detective story relating to a work of art. The case was prepared and prosecuted by Charles Sterling, foreign advisor to the Metropolitan and curator of paintings at the Louvre. It concerns the immensely popular portrait of Mlle. Charlotte du Val d'Ognes presented to the Metropolitan in 1917 and all these years hailed as a masterwork by the stern French master of the Revolution and the Empire, Jacques Louis David. Thanks to Mr. Sterling's skilled research it now turns out that the picture certainly was not painted by David but is probably the work of a woman, Mme. Constance Marie Charpentier, once quite well known, now completely forgotten.

How could we have been so long mistaken about the portrait's attribution to David? The fact is that some of us had had doubts about the picture—mainly a vague uneasiness over its stylistic and above all emotional differences from the major canvases of Napoleon's First Painter. Now, of course, we are enjoying the garrulous pleasure of the Sunday quarterback. But the game is over. Mr. Sterling has proved beyond doubt that this unsigned work is not by the ferocious, intensely masculine dictator of French painting at the turn of the century. His suggestion that Mme. Charpentier was responsible is entirely convincing, though in the tradition of sound scholarship he himself demands a fuller comparison with other pictures by the lady in question, by whom only one other oil painting is now known.

I remember that in making notes about the "David" portrait some fifteen years ago I asked myself why the two figures on the background terrace were "so romantic." There is an air of sweet and pensive gallantry about their stance, and this sort of gallantry is a very long cry from David's philosophy of male, civic virtue as the apex of all human pursuit. The women whose portraits he painted (and he painted many) were handsome, sometimes beautiful. But they are mostly presented as citizens first and foremost, as partners of men in the new, extraverted society proposed by the Republic, the Consulate, and the Empire. I don't believe that David took much stock in love as the eighteenth century knew it or as the romantics were to revive it; it is hard to think of him painting the mutually attentive, almost choreographic couple in the background of the portrait of Charlotte du Val d'Ognes. His handling of such a theme would tend to be essentially anti-romantic, not given to sighs and soft whisperings but to dramatic moments of action or to neoclassic allegories involving the two sexes. It is true that on the windowsill of his fantastically unreal "Sappho and Phaon" of 1809 there appear two cooing doves. But that is about the only authentic romance in the picture. For Phaon is oddly uninvolved in the poetess's transport; he seems on the contrary to be trying to stifle her attack of giggles or hiccups, and in the most detached imaginable way.

In his historical scenes David is even more obviously unromantic. In 1771, youthful and still under the rococo spell, he painted "Minerva's Conquest of Mars." This is one of several images in which he portrayed the male as overpowered by his female opponent through the intervention of love. The same story is told in different terms in the extraordinarily vapid "Mars Disarmed by Venus," painted in exile near the end of David's life. In neither case do we believe for a moment that the god is down for the full count. Rather we sense that he is taking a rest from hardier tasks; in a moment he will rise, glowering and determined, and be on his undefeated, aggressive way. Moreover, it is noteworthy how often in David's pictures women are accessories to male quarrels, helplessly mourning their dead in "The Lictors Returning to Brutus the Bodies of his Sons," trying to break up the menfolk's nonsense in "The Sabine Women." It seems apparent that in his historical paintings David usually thought of women as symbols of moral action rather than as figures of romance. And even in those works that depict an amorous duet, there is an odd reversal of rococo chivalry. In "Paris and Helen" a draped Helen yields the center of the stage to a resplendent, near-naked Paris—a situation which would never have occurred to Watteau, Boucher, or Fragonard.

However uncharacteristic of David's temperament the background couple in the Du Val d'Ognes portrait, the passage would not of course in itself justify taking the picture away from that master. But Mr. Sterling has amassed a considerable body of evidence to support his reattribution. His principal document is an engraving of a gallery in the Salon of 1801, in which the portrait may be seen clearly. We know now that David did not appear in that Salon. Instead, with the arrogance and contempt for his colleagues that were typical of him he boycotted it and held a private exhibition in his studio, showing "The Sabine Women" and the original and replica of his picture of Bonaparte crossing the Alps. Talented opportunist that he was he had already committed his fortunes as an artist to Napoleon. Once an exalted champion of the people, he was now ready to cash in on the rising dictator's need for glorification in the public's eyes. But Mme. Constance Marie Charpentier, her style formed by her admiration for David and Gérard, was represented in the 1801 Salon by several portraits. The one of Mlle. Charlotte du Val d'Ognes is not described by name either in the catalogue or the registrar's records. Yet the latter suggest that the work must have been painted either by Mme. Charpentier or by a miniaturist named Jean Baptiste Genty. No one, I think, would hesitate between the two, not least of all because the picture seems in retrospect so decidedly feminine.

MR. STERLING, as I have said, would like to see more portraits by Mme. Charpentier before guaranteeing that the Du Val d'Ognes is by her hand. Yet her allegorical scene "Melancholy," now in the museum at Amiens and reproduced in the Metropolitan's *Bulletin,* has notable stylistic affinities with the work in question, especially as to the lighting and the modeling of the draperies. And I don't think that Mr. Sterling need wait long for conclusive proof. Now that one of the most famous and dearly loved of all early nineteenth-century pictures has been tentatively ascribed to Mme.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 883)

J. S. WONG:
FIFTH CHINESE DAUGHTER

This wonder and marvel of pottery never ceased for Jade Snow. The hours would simply fly while all troubles were forgotten in the joy of creating. The clay forms became a satisfying reflection of personal will and skill.

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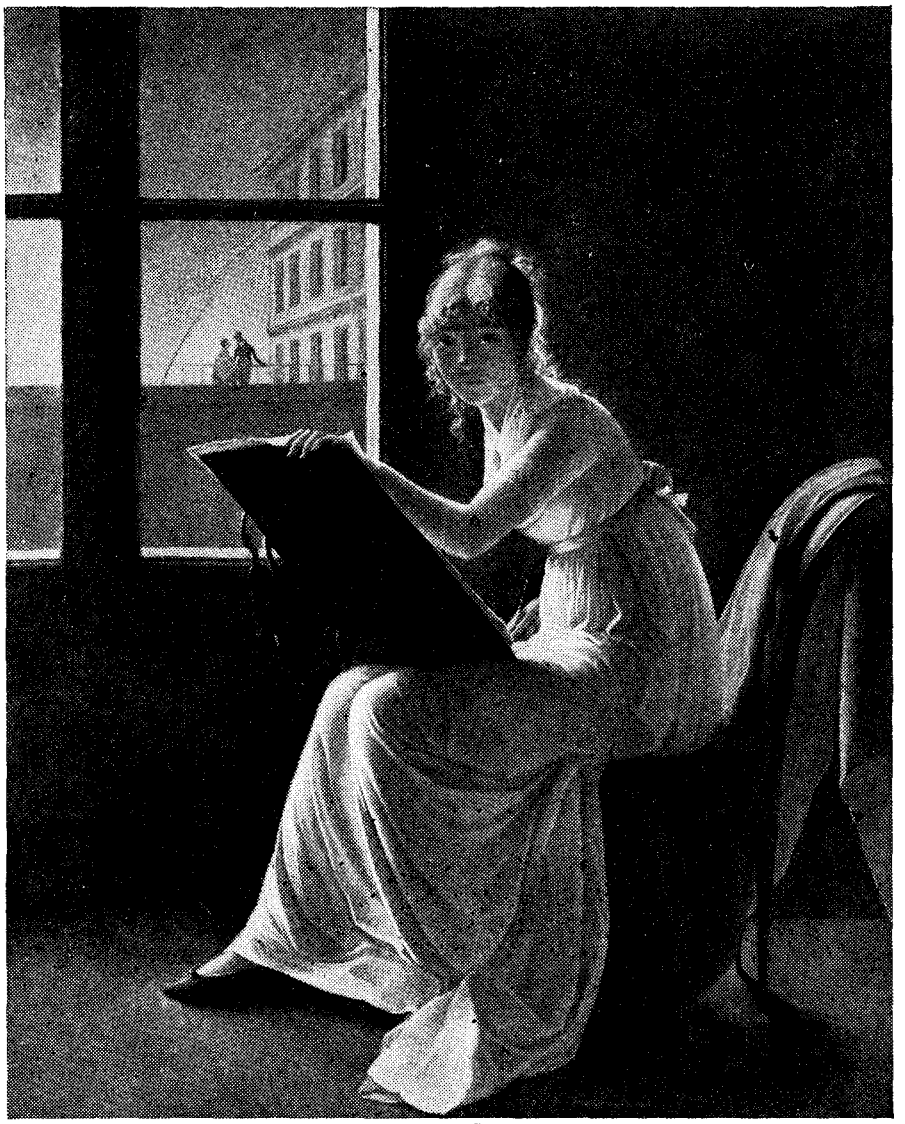

—*Courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum of Art.*

"Mlle. Charlotte du Val d'Ognes," by Constance Marie Charpentier.

Charpentier other works will unquestionably appear, including portraits. It may be that in creating the image of Charlotte du Val d'Ognes, the artist was working "over her head" and that nothing else by her will rival this picture in quality and freshness. Even so there is a certain poetic justice in the fact that an outstanding icon of a masculine epoch is probably the work of a woman. More power to her—and less to the more swashbuckling aspects of the male of the species!

One of the most impressive facts about the whole case history is that the Metropolitan Museum, owner of the painting, should have itself promptly published Mr. Sterling's discoveries. It was not very long ago when a special responsibility of curators in certain American museums was to defend their institututions' possessions automatically and often blindly against aspersions of any kind, particularly with regard to authenticity and degree of restoration. But our own century has seen the emergence of a far more professional group of museum workers, devoted to the objects in their care, eager to know the ultimate truth about them whatever the cost to vested pride and interests. From the Fogg Museum in Cambridge first, more recently from comparable institutions all over the country have come highly trained men and women to replace the casually selected curators of fifty years ago. And our museums have not been afraid to call in qualified foreign authorities like Mr. Sterling who, despite his name, is French. There are those, of course, who deplore the new professionalism of our public art galleries, indeed attack it as a sign of either preciousness or pedantry. But art thrives rather than withers under expert attention, and only the vainest of Philistines would claim that we understand most about a given work when we know nothing at all or when what we know is provably wrong. To my mind Mr. Sterling's brilliant analysis is one more indication that art museums in this country have come of age.

—James Thrall Soby.

The Universal Art

ARCHITECTURE: Five Thousand Years of Building. By Joseph Watterson. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 399 pp. $6.

By Rexford Newcomb

THE author of this brief survey of that part of the world's architecture which has contributed most to our American building heritage is a practising architect on Long Island, New York. He writes as an architect rather than as a historian of architecture, in non-technical terms that should be easily understood by the so-called general reader. In fact he warns in his foreword that this is not a scholarly book. It is a straightforward account of building, down through the ages, based largely upon secondary sources but with benefit of acquaintance with most of the structures which are discussed.

Written with the purpose of drawing together the varicolored threads that form the fabric of our architectural heritage the book has been proportioned accordingly. Thus the author disposes of all building down to the time of Constantine in sixty-three pages; to the architectural achievements of old Byzantium he devotes thirteen pages; and to the glorious age of the romanesque and gothic cathedral builders sixty-seven pages. This leaves one hundred and twenty pages for Renaissance architecture—Italian, French, English, German, and Spanish—and an equal amount of space for the story of building on our side of the Atlantic.

Mr. Watterson displays considerable discrimination as to the structures and episodes which he uses to illustrate the main currents of building progress. And he shows an equal skill in omitting the controversial problems that wrinkle the brows of professional historians and snarl a smooth-running narrative. Nor is his treatment coldly impersonal, for, while we do not meet many of the architects of early buildings, in the chapters on the Renaissance we do get on speaking terms with Brunellschi, the Medici, the Della Robbias, Alberti, Bramante, Michelangelo, Vignola, Sangallo, Palladio, Moderna, Bernini, De l'Orme, Lescot, the Mansarts, le Nôtre, le Vau, Inigo Jones, Christopher Wren, Hawksmoor, Gibbs, Sir William Chambers, and a whole host of lesser worthies who made the Renaissance one of the most exciting epochs in architectural history.

Naturally there is considerable space devoted to telling the story of American architecture, tracing its evolution from rough beginnings in Vir-

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ginia, New England, and Pennsylvania down through the variations of the Georgian, Federal, and Greek revival periods to the tribulations of eclecticism and our contemporary experimentation. Rightly he points out that our English forebears knew nothing of the horizontal log cabin which, introduced in 1638 by the Swedes, was to play so important a part in the westward movement and that our earliest houses were medieval rather than Renaissance in manner. He illustrates by sketches the early and later developments of the English colonial house in New England and down the Atlantic seaboard. The balance of our colonial infiltrations—Dutch, German, Swedish, Spanish, and French—he sketches but briefly.

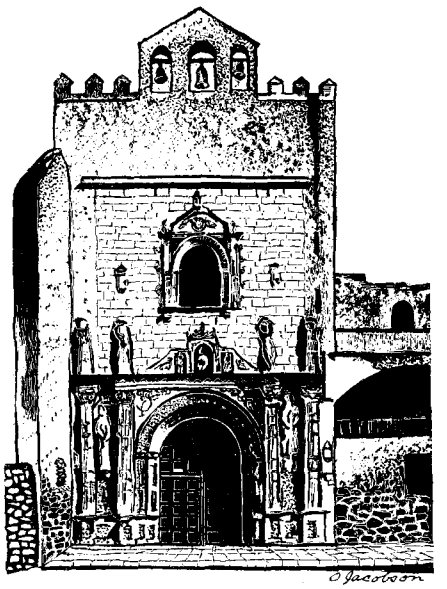
The career of the Greek revival, with its temple-type houses, churches, banks, and state capitols, receives more generous treatment, for this was our national style from about 1820 to the Civil War. The period from the Civil War to the depression of the early 1930's, including the vagaries of eclecticism, is outlined sufficiently to form a foil for the experiments of our first modernists, Louis Sullivan, Frank Lloyd Wright, and William Le Baron Jenney, the last of whom figured prominently in the development of the skyscraper. The author closes with an exploration of contemporary trends and an admonition addressed to both architect and layman: "Let us proceed, but thoughtfully."

The book, written in a lively and enthusiastic style, should prove of great value to people who seek an acquaintance with those architectural movements which culminate in American building. It should make excellent collateral reading for high-school or college courses in history; and it should prove of value to clubwomen or businessmen who would round out their knowledge of the history of "the most universal of the arts." It provides a highly readable, concise popular history of the art of building.

The volume is amply illustrated with 114 text drawings and 170 halftones. Naturally, a book that covers so large a field in so brief a space is filled with broad generalizations and tends to an over-simplification of the many complex movements discussed. These defects, however, this reviewer, a professional historian of architecture, forgives the author, for he understands well the difficulty of the task.

Rexford Newcomb is professor of architecture and dean of the College of Fine and Applied Arts at the University of Illinois. His publications include "The History of Modern Architecture" and "Architecture of the Old Northwest Territory."

Monuments and Images



MEXICO IN SCULPTURE: 1521-1821. *By Elizabeth Wilder Weismann. Cambridge. Mass.: Harvard University Press.* 224 *pp.* 167 *illus.* $7.50.

By Harold E. Wethey

ELIZABETH WEISMANN is a champion of the Indian, to judge by the emphasis she places upon the survival of Indian themes and techniques in Mexico after the Spanish Conquest in this profusely illustrated volume. Finest among such works of the sixteenth century are the stone crosses of Acolman and Villa Madero, superb in their primitive stylization. No other Latin-American country, at least none in South America, ever produced anything like them. It would have been interesting had Mrs. Weismann ventured here into the esthetics of primitivism, an important subject studied by Robert Goldwater, Herbert Read, and others. But her intention is on the whole to avoid stylistic problems and larger issues and to limit herself to individual monuments.

Seventy-one of the 167 illustrations are devoted to the sixteenth century, most of them details of architectural ornament together with some architectural figure sculpture. The choice of illustrations shows how and where the emphasis is placed. Mrs. Weismann's personal interest clearly lies in architecture and in folk sculpture, and she appears to regard purely European artistic styles as unfortunate intrusions.

Everyone familiar with Mexican colonial art is struck by its opulence and by the overwhelming richness and splendor of its churches, replete with gilded altarpieces, sculptures, and paintings. Ten baroque altars are reproduced here to represent many hundreds, the most typical manifestations of colonial Mexican sculpture. About five times that many illustrations are devoted to folk images. Such provincial sculptures occur in abundance in the remotest villages of Spanish America from the colonial frontiers of Argentina to New Mexico. At times they have an innate primitive sense of form. On the whole they are poor reflections of Spanish prototypes, incompetently executed. The really significant schools of figure sculpture in colonial Latin America are those of Ecuador and Guatemala.

The notes at the back of Mrs. Weismann's book contain scholarly information which will prove of value to the specialist. When dealing with single Mexican monuments the documentation and bibliography are detailed. When touching upon matters relating to Latin America in general or European sources the bibliography is largely unexplored.

Mrs. Weismann has intentionally written a subjective book. Since she knows the material so well I hope that some day she will publish a critical and historical study of Mexican sculpture, treating the subject with an international audience in mind. Only by an objective evaluation of monuments in relation to their true importance as works of art can the splendor of Mexican sculpture fully be revealed.

Harold E. Wethey, of the fine arts department at the University of Michigan, recently published "Colonial Architecture and Sculpture in Peru."

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 402

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 402 will be found in the next issue.

MLKIHMF HX GNEAAO PLGC

DMANXX OLD PLDAB

GEKING RN BLHMF

XLQNKIHMF NAXN.

—XHG ZEQNX REGGO

Answer to Crypt No. 401

Disease generally begins that equality which death completes.
—Dr. Samuel Johnson.

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How Two Artists Lived and Worked

EDVARD MUNCH. By Frederick B. Deknatel. New York: Crown Publishers. 120 pp. $3.50.

MOHOLY-NAGY. By Sibyl Moholy-Nagy. New York: Harper & Bros. 253 pp. $6.50.

By Jerome Mellquist

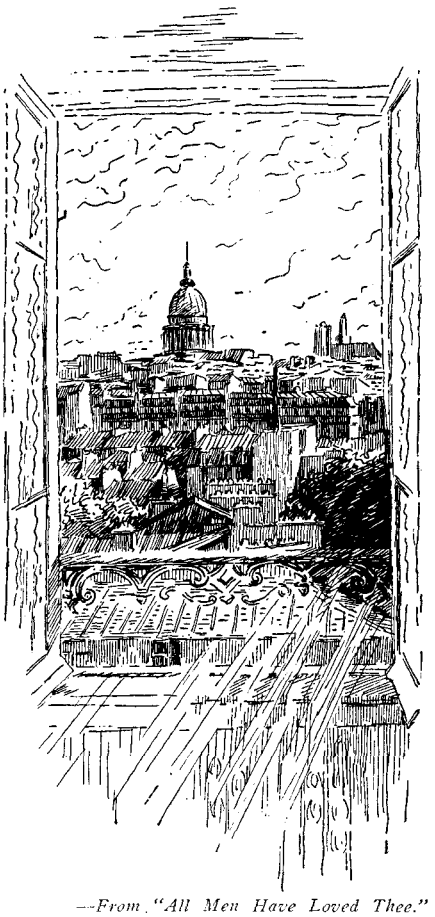
OFTEN it has been said that the North European artist longs for the watermelon colors and roasting suns of Sicily or other far-Southern places. Dürer, one remembers, filled his notebooks with ejaculations about his dropped chains immediately he crossed the Alps, and Goethe, among the writers, also helped to propagate this view. But the artist Edvard Munch, a Northerner if there ever was one, reflects little or none of this anticipated attitude.

Coming from a distinguished Norwegian family and early committed to art, he suggests rather the ingoing mind and blind, bleeding pain of a Strindberg. Surely little light penetrated his childhood. Born in 1863, he lost his mother five years later and he found all too little sympathy from his father, a military doctor, who eventually neglected his profession for religious meditations. Reared by an aunt, he remained often moody and restless until starting art school at seventeen. Soon, however, he was absorbing the ideas of his more advanced teachers and showing that quickness at assimilation which never entirely left him. He liked subjects of sickness and he could portray the handicapped with a peculiar sympathy. Before departing for Paris in the late Eighties he already had collided with the same granitic morality Ibsen hated so much and sometimes been branded as not altogether a worthy fellow. He understood the literary currents of his time and readily circulated among the spouters in the cafés.

Arriving presently in France, he quit Northern heaviness for the impressionistic color-mottling of a canvas. Also he turned more to landscape. Amidst later shuttlings between Norway and other European points he not only noted Gauguin and Toulouse-Lautrec but he added much lithography and etching to his repertoire. He produced such images of torment as "The Cry" (1895) and "Anxiety" (1896), both suggesting by their repeated swirls some vortex of the mind from which there was no issue.

Gradually he won a place even among the museum collections of his native land and early in the twentieth century was getting substantial commissions. Immoderate drinking and quarrelsome habits sometimes offended the respectable, to be sure, and once he spent long months recuperating from a drinking-bout. But he never mooned for Southern seas nor did he posture about the tinted circles he might have missed by continuing to reside in the land of his birth. Perhaps best he is to be regarded as an introspective—a type who, as he once said, resembles "a shipwrecked vessel that had half of its rigging washed overboard because it had not reached harbor in time." As such, he did both woodcuts and lithographs that can be remembered. He should always have a niche among the Expressionist painters, and his special seal of originality can hardly be doubted.

Such is the picture emerging from a perusal of this study, which has been assembled with both taste and thoughtfulness by Frederick B. Deknatel, of the Fogg Museum at Harvard University. It forms a counterpart to the large Munch show presented last summer at the Museum of Modern Art in New York, and it should prove a permanently valuable repository of documents and insights on its man. Surely it plunges us again into the fjordlike fissures and troubled silences of an intrepid artist who, like Strindberg, lived deep under the shadows and fought there to find the illumination others associate too readily with a more tropical zone.



—From "All Men Have Loved Thee."

* * *

THE PRESSES still discharge their tonnage about modern art, but somehow good memoirs are rare. Any professor can junket about amidst dates and compile his treatise on the proliferation of geometrical quotients since Cézanne. Similarly, butcher-knife journalists can once more lop off the ear of Van Gogh and start the public into some profitable blubbering. But the tactful, concise, and revealing book of memoirs seldom gets written. Whether this is because problems dominate over personalities or because sensitive companions have been lacking to the artist might be difficult to say. But in the present volume about the designer, photographer, teacher, and painter Moholy-Nagy, by his wife, for once a book of the right stamp has been produced.

According to this account Moholy-Nagy never had many childhood advantages in Hungary, where he was born in 1895. His father appears to have been an adventurer who gambled away the family's wheat farm and then decamped for America. The boy developed a great attachment to his mother and resolved that some day he would direct life into better ways for them both. While serving as an artillery officer in World War I young Moholy-Nagy underwent several experiences that formed his future: he was wounded on the Isonzo front, he had a first apprehension of light as a creative element in painting, and he withdrew from the pot-tossing escapades of his fellow officers. Demobilized, he ardently returned to the drawing he had started in the trenches, soon saw the dross in Bela Kun's revolutionary goals, and experimented with his first collages. Quitting Hungary and Austria, he walked his way Sandburg-wise through Germany, earning bed and meals by odd jobs of lettering. He collapsed from influenza in Berlin, tottered back to health, secured much help from a sympathetic university woman, and slowly forged himself a name. After being exhibited as an advanced abstract painter (chiefly because of his so-called photograms, a device enabling him to superimpose photographic images to get startling effects of space and lighting) he was called to the Bauhaus staff in 1923.

Here this intrepid worker devised new courses of instruction, invented fresh typographical and industrial layouts, and painted. His indeed was a demonic energy. But he quit the Bau-

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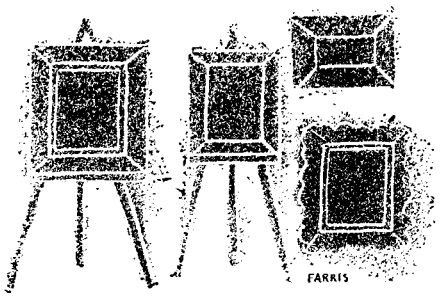
haus in 1928, when Professor Walter Gropius, its head and his sponsor, had resigned on a question of principle. Tirelessly he then worked on stage-sets and films. In 1931 he met Sybil, who describes with a telling reticence the circumstances of their initial encounter and the long professional association that eventually led up to their marriage. Her restrained words admirably convey the drive and the resiliency that evidently were her husband's. And she is unforgettable as she writes with a point of ice about a banquet tendered by Nazi officials to the visiting Italian apostate-artist Marinetti.

Unable to tolerate such indecencies any further the couple left Germany and settled in Holland and England and then in 1937 came to America, where Moholy had been asked to found a New Bauhaus in Chicago. The American pages, almost one-half of the book, recapitulate the hardships and the perplexities confronting many a newcomer who tries to transplant a worthy European institution into soil that is not prepared for it. But Moholy-Nagy was a fighter and though rebuffed on his original project persisted until he had established his own school of design. Unfortunately, such activities precluded his continuously devoting himself to painting, though some years before his death in 1946 this energetic man had again more fully committed himself to it.

Perhaps the book would have been strengthened if Moholy-Nagy's work in each field had been sifted in terms of what his contemporaries were doing. Yet that would have necessitated a foray into criticism, which was not the province of the present work. As it stands Mme. Moholy-Nagy has reminded the reader of what a gallant and on the whole effective personality her teacher-husband was. Her account is ably supplemented by a preface from Dr. Gropius as well as by some jottings on a vacation trip, in which Dr. Siegfried Giedion affectionately remembers his friend Moholy-Nagy. More such books would show the core and the fire of many a contemporary innovator and establish a new pattern for the memoir as a little-tried means for enlarging our understanding of modern art.



Art Book Notes

THE PAINTING OF HANS HOLBEIN. By Paul Ganz. Oxford. $8.50. Because the name of Holbein instantly calls to mind his English portraits it is good to come across a volume that offers a complete view of his work from beginning to end: his religious paintings, his miniatures, and his decorations of Swiss housefronts that are not often reproduced. The introduction which Paul Ganz has written from a lifetime's study of Holbein is knowing but brief; the samples of the artist's work and the critical notes he has supplied is prodigious. In all there are 220 full-page plates, including many details shown in their original size. Not the least valuable feature of the book is the *catalogue raisonné*; each entry, besides furnishing descriptions and all pertinent data, contains a critical discussion that often runs to considerable length. When portraits are treated biographical material about the subject is included.

—L. R. SANDER.

JOHN MARIN: Drawings & Watercolors. Twin Editions, New York City. $25. *With etching,* $65. The addled minds who once thought to jostle the immortals by turning out illustrations of bigger and fatter Midwestern cattle now having retired to their country acres, it is possible to distinguish the profile of one who long has been depicting the American scene without the slightest bombast. Whether he has used the etching, the watercolor, the oil, or the draughtsman's pencil, John Marin, the subject of the present portfolio, has employed each of these mediums to denote his love of place. He has wandered the coasts of Maine and tramped the steeper trails of the Adirondacks, he has explored the back country of the Ramapo and the silted shores below his residence on the Palisades, and he has roamed Manhattan from the Battery to the upper reaches of the East River.

But his was not a naturalistic inspection; for to him the record must comport with some inmost shape and meaning, and even though he would say, as in his inimitable introduction to the present crop of reproductions, that drawing is but his "meandering" in such scenes, his meander, so to speak, is that of a Puck or a Mercury, and not simply a bucolic from the cow country. Thus speaking, he sets forth a new definition of his method in these thirty-seven commendably handled facsimile reproductions (twenty-nine pencil drawings, seven watercolors, one etching), and gives the entire portfolio an added meaning. As for the drawings, these range from a sharp-cut New York shoreline caught from Weehawken in 1904 to his Manhattan hubbubs of the mid-Twenties, or to his sailing Brooklyn Bridges and Maine lobstermen of the late Forties. Each captures his glee and his exactitude and his sometimes transcendental height of observation (a success traceable to the punctilio with which these plates were prepared in France). Unfortunately the watercolors do not incorporate his wizardry with the wash, though the single etching is pulled with the extreme care befitting one of the best in Marin's *oeuvre*. Nevertheless a friendly solicitude prevails. This anthology should be accorded new space on that shelf, happily at last expanding with an almost startling rapidity, which now shows that John Marin, nearing eighty, has found that national acknowledgment to which he as possibly our greatest American painter is so richly entitled. —J. M.

CEZANNE. MANET. DEGAS. World Publishing Co., Cleveland. Three portfolios, $3 *each.* Like the titles which preceded them in Skira's Masterpieces of French Painting Series, these three portfolios each contain ten large color plates, one of them on the cover, the other nine individually mounted so that they may be lifted out for tacking up, framing, or examining at arm's length. The heightened color characteristic of Skira prints, to which I have objected in the past, is present again. Mr. Skira's process does, however, possess a virtue others often lack: in reducing the size of the pictures, more colors of the original painting have been retained.

Again the choice of reproduction is fortunate, offering a representative qualitative and chronological sampling and maintaining a nice balance between the familiar and the unfamiliar. Among the unfamiliar items here is the rarely quoted Cézanne portrait of his gardener. This is one of several he did of old Vallier in a seated pose during the last days of his life. Indeed, it is believed that this is the one on which the painter worked between the time he was picked up unconscious on the road and his death a few days later. The Manet folder contains a portrait of Malarmé seldom reproduced, while the Degas portfolio contains an early head of a young woman that reveals the influence of Moreau and Fantin-Latour. The printed matter in each portfolio is brief, consisting of a one-page introduction by Maurice Raynal, a chronology of the artist's life, and short notes on the plates. —J. R. S.

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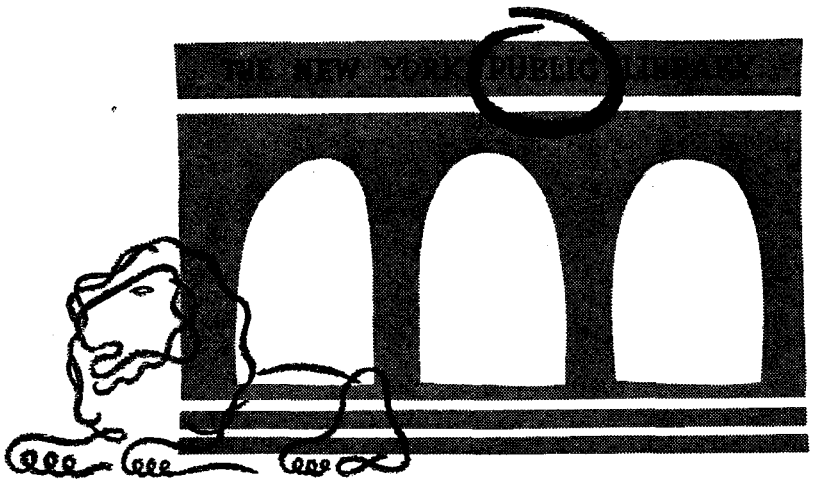

HOW PUBLIC IS PUBLIC ?

"Public," says the dictionary, means "belonging to a state, nation or community at large." With the s., n. or c. footing the bills, that is.

But "public," it says further down, also means "open to common or general use, participation or enjoyment."

The reference part of the famous New York Public Library at Fifth and 42nd (you've been there—it has those two lions in the front) isn't public in the sense that its expenses are paid by the city. Only the circulation part and the branches are.

On the other hand, the reference part *is* public enough for everyone to use, participate in or enjoy. Almost everyone does.

The income from its endowment used to pay all its expenses. But you know how costs have gone up. In the meantime, there are more new books to buy, more readers to serve and more wear on old books each year.

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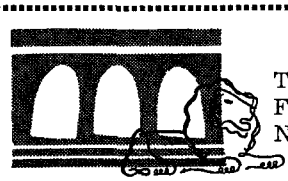
There's a convenient blank below.



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▶ Far more in this series than can be detailed here. Significance of the project is great. 1. Acoustical-age recordings, minus all hiss, improved in other ways, brought to the new small-groove records. (Note that 45 has legitimate place here, allowing more flexibility.) 2. Out of confusing welter of hundreds of items RCA has chosen reasonable and helpful categories.
▶ 3. But most important, the series is *not* limited to ancient acousticals—already includes Chaliapin, Schorr, Lotte Lehman, Melchior, etc.—will extend to cover many worthwhile 78 albums of later date (Brahms Double Concerto, Mozart Glyndebourne operas, other such, as demand warrants; and demand should be great). Solves dilemma of technically substandard older catalogue items of imperishable musical value, removes last objection to advance of slow-speed recording—since it is cheaper to reissue this way than on 78. Columbia must soon follow with similar reissue of its older sets (Decca, Vox, etc. have already put older classics on LP).

THE PRADES BACH FESTIVAL RECORDINGS, Pablo Casals, musical director; assorted artists (see detailed listings). Columbia LP. (10 12", available separately or as set.)

▶ Detail treatment again impossible here. This much-proclaimed series is, on sober thought, just what you can expect. A great Bach cellist, of an older generation (and Bach interpretation has changed in recent years); a fabulous collection of famous virtuosi of the most varied backgrounds playing both solo and *tutti*; an atmosphere of some hysteria. Minus the tremendous excitement of the Festival itself, the recordings reveal greatness and weakness but mostly inconsistency, of style, ensemble, tension, instrumentation (e.g. harpsichord in orch. Suites, piano in "Brandenburgs.") Casals's own playing (with piano) is substantially his old best, if of an older style; his conducted music is nervous, over-fast, unsteady, with astonishing instrumental vagaries—piano; saxophone instead of trumpet. Best discs, in spite of prominent piano accompaniment, are solo chamber works where the virtuosi are in place. Better pick and choose here. Recording is B-plus—not tops; sound is deadish.

FOR CHILDREN?

McDONALD: "CHILDREN'S SYMPHONY ON FAMILIAR TUNES." Philadelphia Orchestra, McDonald.

▶ We have the strangest ideas as to what is "good" (or "amusing") for kids! The modern symphonic idiom, after all, is sophisticated, highly complex, justified only on adult structural grounds. McD's "symphony" is a fussy potpourri, overture-style, treating nursery tunes to what must be for kids incomprehensible "variation"; adult-wise it is quite undistinguished, bordering on the genially inept. No introduction to great music, this! Brand's "Shay" is a complex-harmonied noisy piece, suggesting Dukas' "Sorcerer." Well constructed, but kids will be mystified by sleighbells, otherwise bored (or scared), I'd say!

BRAND: "THE WONDERFUL ONE-HOSS SHAY." Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy.
Columbia LP: ml 2141 (10")

LET'S LISTEN TO HAYDN. Text by Cornelia Meigs, John Tillman, Narr. (Excerpts from Haydn Soc. recordings.)
Haydn Soc. LP: HSC 1 (10")

▶ An opposite approach altogether, assuming—rightly, I'm sure—that (a) children like good music transparently constructed, simply rhythmed and tuned, (b) kids'll take the unfamiliar as easily as the (to us) hackneyed—nothing is hackneyed to them. This LP, taking advantage of playing time, combines whole, uncut orchestral movements with interleaved commentary—rather stiffly spoken and written but at least unpretentious.

ORGAN

BACH: "ART OF THE FUGUE" (Selections). Fritz Heitmann, organ (crypt, Berlin Dom.)
Capitol LP: L 8121, 2 (2 10")

▶ A quiet but top-rate organ recording (nothing fancy for hi-fi enthusiasts!). Excellent liveness and presence, music perfectly clear, highly colorful.

Heitmann's own sequence of 12 movements, played on new Baroque-style organ. I find this most satisfactory "Art" so far. Excellent, well contrasted registration, not eccentric.

BRAHMS: ELEVEN CHORALE PRELUDES, Op. 122. Ernest White, organ of St. Mary the Virgin, N. Y.
Mercury LP: MG 1007

▶ Compared to above, this is a bit "off-mike," distant and not too clear in detail—but some of it is music's fault. A good job, and Ernest White does his best to get the somewhat perplexing music to the mikes.

These late Brahms German chorale settings à la Bach are anomalous—texture is not really good organ; turgid, rather atmospheric, 19th c. style, yet superficially Baroque.
—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. American novelist (1900-38).	107 11 154 175 172
B. A dialect of Gaddang in northern Luzon; also the person speaking it.	27 131 89 74 14 29
C. An old English game played by throwing pieces of wood at a stake in the ground.	177 174 102 8 97 36 45
D. Inferior grade of tobacco, usually the lower leaves (So. U.S.).	13 123 47 144
E. Not well-counseled (comp.).	180 93 141 24 58 155 159 64 151 106
F. Athenian tragic poet, late 5th cent. B.C., friend of Plato.	37 42 114 61 132 70 124
G. Civic leader, current N. Y. city Park Commissioner, etc., of international reputation (1888-).	149 5 111 156 68
H. More dexterous, more skillful.	125 169 164 33 43 118
I. A green hydrous copper phosphate of a pearly luster (mineral.).	3 166 178 44 119 133
J. Officer in a king's stables, in charge of provender for the horses (hist.).	35 20 162 115 23 79
K. O.T. Jewish leader, cupbearer to Artaxerxes (Bib.).	170 138 22 103 160 56 30 120
L. Designating a bone at the base of the tongue (anat. and zool.).	2 17 78 31 94
M. That part of a stratum which appears at the surface (geol. and mining).	49 6 69 168 150 136 9

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. A puppy; a cub.	126 104 80 109 53
O. O.T. heroine whose deeds are commemorated in the Hebrew festival Purim.	73 146 85 55 84 48
P. Nocturnal spirits, usually malevolent (Roman relig.).	137 10 77 52 143 21 161
Q. This is lawful; it is conceded (Latin).	179 62 129 66 165
R. A term relating to music prefacing two of the Psalms (Bib.).	157 18 105 15 95 76 92 28 34
S. English lawyer and historian whose "Letters to Richard Heber," 1826, proved Scott to be author of Waverley Novels.	46 32 112 163 12 130 60 96
T. A standard or flag (Scot.).	59 82 19 1 63 176 54 86
U. To examine thoroughly, esp. for repair.	122 100 65 25 91 39 83 110
V. Attribute of English king, hero of novel by Maurice Hewlett, 1900 (comp.).	145 167 99 117 51 26 113 41 4
W. Lowest of the classes of persons in the Domesday Book.	38 116 121 181
X. Emphatic pronoun, third person, plural.	171 158 182 67 139 148 57 152 108 98
Y. A Siouan tribe now on Nebraska reservation.	153 71 87 135 16
Z. A lighthouse or beacon.	134 101 88 90 127 81 140 50 72 173
Z¹. Not artificially prepared (mineral.).	7 142 147 128 40 75

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

						1 T	2 L	3 I		4 V	5 G	6 M	7 Z¹	8 C		9 M	10 P	11 A
12 S	13 D	14 B			15 R	16 Y	17 L		18 R	19 T	20 J	21 P		22 K	23 J	24 E	25 U	
26 V		27 B	28 R		29 B	30 K	31 L	32 S			33 H	34 R	35 J	36 C		37 F		
38 W	39 U	40 Z¹	41 V	42 F	43 H		44 I	45 C			46 S		47 D	48 O	49 M	50 Z	51 V	
—	52 P	53 N		54 T	55 O	56 K	57 X	58 E			59 T	60 S	61 F		62 Q	63 T		
64 E	65 U	66 Q	67 X	68 G		69 M	70 F		71 Y	72 Z			73 O	74 B	75 Z¹	76 R		
77 P	78 L	79 J	80 N		81 Z	82 T	83 U	84 O		85 O	86 T	87 Y	88 Z		89 B			
90 Z	91 U	92 R	93 E	94 L		95 R	96 S		97 C		98 X	99 V	100 U	101 Z	102 C	103 K		
	104 N	105 R		106 E	107 A	108 X	109 N	110 U	111 G		112 S	113 V		114 F	115 J			
116 W	117 V	118 H	119 I	120 K		121 W	122 U	123 D	124 F	125 H		126 N	127 Z	128 Z¹	129 Q	130 S		
	131 B	132 F	133 I		134 Z	135 Y	136 M	137 P	138 K		139 X	140 Z	141 E	142 Z¹	143 P			
144 D	145 V	146 O	147 Z¹	148 X	149 G		150 M	151 E	152 X	153 Y	15 A	155 E	156 G	157 R		158 X		
159 E	160 K	161 P	162 J	163 S	164 H		165 Q	166 I	167 V		168 M	169 H	170 K	171 X	172 A	173 Z		
	174 C	175 A		176 T	177 C	178 I		179 Q	180 E	181 W	182 X							

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 40 of this issue.

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